THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 52 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd, 1927.

Grange W A clerk

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Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, and Shampooing.
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METALLIC

PLAYS A LEADING ROLL IN THE

FALL AND WINTER HATS

Adding a festive gleam to sombre color—snuggling effectively in the big dark fur collar—deftly fashioned in the season's smart modes and combining successfully with velvet or satin.

A FITTING TRIMMING—The new jewelled pins and ornaments.
Colors include Black, Brown, Beige, Rose, Blue, and Wine.
A smart collection awaits your selection.
Prices Moderate.

HOSIERY, SCARFS, BRASSIERE, GIRDLES, CORSETS AND CORSETTES
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$25 Suits and Overcoats at $19.75
Boys' Bloomer Suits
HALF PRICE
$2.50 English Broadcloth Shirts going for $1.95
Liberal Discounts on all lines of merchandise
FOR CASH.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

FALL ASSIZES

The Assizes for the County of Lennox nad Addington opened at the Court House on Tuesday last, at 1.15 p.m., His Lordship, Mr. Justice Wright, presiding.

The following cases were disposed of:—

JURY CASES.

Godfrey vs. Clark—An action of Crim. Con.—The action was brought by Luke Godfrey against Sylvester Clark, all of the Township of Kennebec. The Jury brought in a verdict in favor of the defendant. Herrington, Warner & Grange for plaintiff; T. J. Rigney, K.C., for defendant.

NON-JURY CASES

Milsap vs. Ayan—Was postponed until next sittings of the Court. J. M. Simpson for plaintiff; W. F. McMann, for defendant.

Asselstine vs Asselstine—An action brought by Archibald F. Asselstine against his wife, Elva Jane Asselstine to set aside a deed given by the plaintiff to the defendant in 1918. Action dismissed with costs. L. V. Dafoe for plaintiff; Kenneth S. Ham for defendant.

The King vs. Chas. D. McDonald —McDonald was indicted for manslaughter for killing John B. Holder on the 16th day of June, 1927. A number of witnesses were sworn for the Crown and McDonald. The Jury, after being out half an hour, returned a verdict of not guilty. W. J. Frost for the Crown; W. M. Nickle for McDonald.

Grand Jury—Alex Allen, Elmer Allchurch, Simon Ball, Wellington Cassada, Herbert Close, Andrew Dempsey, Thos. J. Donahue, M. N. Empey, Arthur Finley, J. S. Ham, Foreman; A. S. Hughson, Bruce Robertson, Alfred Sutton, Petit Jury—Wallace Baldwin, Allan Baldwin, Harvey Busby, Alexander Beckwith, Wm. Close, Byron Cronk, Walter Clancy, Oscar Chatson, Samuel Clute, Wilson Cowling, George Daverne, John O. Dennee, Harold Denison, James Dewey, J. M. Doyle, Robert Gilmore, Wm. J. Hill, Chas. E. Hinch, Timothy Hunt, M. H. Ker, Ernest Kerr, Wm. Kidd, Herbert Laidley, Shirley Lewis, W. J. McGregor, Kenneth Miller, Harry Mott, Wylie McDonald, Martin J. McDonald, Wilbur Metzler, Carl Martin, Daniel Mooney, Roy Moore, F. J. Marsh, C. I. Maybee, Arthur M. Parrott, George Pickering, Ed. Rescola, R. P. Saunders, James Strain, John Stetler, Harvey Sharp, Walter J. Snider, C. M. Spafford, Schuyler Smith, Claude Thompson, Thos. Wagar, W. D. Weese.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

To the Honourable Mr. Justice Wright.

We, the Grand Jurors, summoned to attend the Fall Assizes held at Napanee, this 15th and 16th days of November, A.D., 1927 beg leave to report as follows:—

We congratulate the County upon your apparent good health, and trust that you may be long spared to serve your country in the position which you now occupy.

We are pleased to observe that there is so little criminal business to be brought before the Court.

We have examined the gaol and county buildings, and find them in excellent order and cleanliness.

We beg to make the following recommendations:—

We congratulate the County Property Committee on the improvements that have been made to the Court House, by way of new windows and vestibules, and in the heating plant, but we would respectfully recommend that the outer doors of the Court House facing Bridge outward, and the inner vestibule doors should swing both ways to conform to statutory regulations. We, however, recommend that the downstairs corridor floors of the Court House be re-laid or linoleum be laid through the centre of each corridor of a width of at least six feet and a border of new flooring on each side of the linoleum.

With reference to the Judge's Room off the Court-room, we strongly recommend that the same be re-decorated and re-furnished with easy chairs and a couch, and the present toilet be replaced by a new sanitary water toilet and wash basin.

In the Court room we would recommend that the lights behind the Judge's bench be controlled by one switch, and that also in the corridor outside the north door leading to the Judge's bench, the same be also done immediately.

We would further strongly recommend that an authorized danger checkerboard sign with red glass centre be placed on the Provincial Highway, at the intersection of the Hamburg Road with the Provincial Highway leading into the cut at the top of Robin's Hill.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN S. HAM,
Foreman.

Napanee, November 16th, 1927.

$1,000,000 a Year Incomes.

The recent annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue shows that 138 people in Great Britain and Northern Ireland had incomes which amounted to £28,040-920 or an average of more than £200,000 each. Altogether 89,418 people had incomes exceeding £2,000 a year.

To Manufacture Imitation Pearls.

Paispearl Products Inc., one of the largest manufacturers of imitation pearl from fish scales, is erecting a plant at Nanaimo, B.C., to manufacture from the fish scales of the British Columbia catch.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

FOR SALE—Quebec Heater and five dining room chairs. Apply to MRS. T. FOX, Robert street. 52-ap

FOR SALE—One bay horse, light wagon, set sleighs, harness and a large grain box. Apply to MRS. E. McLAUGHLIN, John street, Napanee. 52

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Upright Heintzman Piano, Mahogany case, in first class condition. Apply to Mrs. F. P. Douglas, 130 Union street Kingston or Mrs. W. J. Doller, Napanee. 51-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to R. J. WILSON Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling FALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Rust Tar without rubbing. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all conveniences, square plan, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAWS, Graham street. 42-tf

FOR SALE—FARM LANDS.

The Charles Thompson farm, 3 miles from Napanee, on the Provincial Highway, Deseronto Road, good buildings, well watered, finest soil for garden purposes, 140 acres. Enquire for price and terms.

The Walter Woodcock farm, about three miles west of Napanee on Belleville Road. 100 acres, nicely located, good water, good buildings, creek in pasture.

Have some 40 farms listed, which vary in size from 350 acres to 40 acres. Some of these are on main highways. Have also 3 half-sections of well improved land in Saskatchewan for sale or easy terms or will exchange for property in Ontario.

Good residential property on easy terms.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street,
South of Paisley House.

POULTRY DAY

The annual Poultry Fair will be held on

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st.

The usual buyers have signified their intention of being present. All persons bringing poultry for sale must bring it to the Market for inspection.

W. A. GRANGE,
Town Clerk.
Nov. 21st, 1927. 52-b

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Albert Davis, late of the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of December, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
52-d

Canada's Apple Crop.

The Canadian commercial apple crop is now estimated at 2,740,800 barrels, as compared with 2,984,200 barrels in 1926 and 3,327,600 barrels in a five year average. British Columbia it is estimated, produced 1,033,500 barrels; Nova Scotia 1,000,100; Ontario, 508,600, and New Brunswick, 27,000.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

Her Excellency, Lady Willingdon, was an interested guest last week at the Thursday morning session of the Central Ontario Women's Institutes meeting in Toronto and also was the guest of honor at the luncheon on that day. The vital questions of home and community life were taken up and much good work accomplished. The institutes have begun in the right way; they work from the home out on the principal that the home is the heart of the body corporate, tat is of the community, and that if every home is right, so the community will be right and from the community will radiate the principles that will in time make our country as we who love it would wish it to be.

What very delightful people we meet now and then, people with perfect manners. They are not by any means always what are known as "society people," although some of them are men and women brought up to realize that unless their manners are good, they will not be able to hold their place in life. But these delightful people we refer to have something that is really worth while at the back of the manners we so much admire. They have the feeling that they owe it to themselves to treat everyone they meet with courtesy. Before long we will be in the midst of the Christmas rush. The shops will be filled with everyone in a hurry. This is a splendid time to see who has real courtesy and who has not. You find it at both sides of the counter. We have all seen the ungracious shopper, who finds fault with everything that is shown her and often goes off without buying anything. Then too, we have all seen the sweet faced, courteous woman who realizes how tired the girls who are showing her their wares must be, and gives a little thought as she can. Sometimes she is a woman with a well-filled purse and sometimes she is finding it hard to get necessities of life for everyone on a slender income. Then let us take the other side of the counter, but let us say first that whether it is because the girls know that the manager expects them to be polite under most trying circumstances or because our bright Canadian girls have naturally good manners, their side of the counter makes fewer breeches of good manners than the other side. But still there are girls who show that they are bored and that they think it a fussing bore to be at all good if she doesn't buy an article after she has been assured that "Mrs. —— has one just like it."

Recently at Perth the Catholic Women's League of the Archdiocese of Kingston, held a meeting at which plans were made for the Christmas gift of their work. This is the time for beginning work for the winter and the C.W.L. is only lay women's society of the Roman Catholic Church to hold a charter from the Federal Government and the first corporate Catholic Church to hold a charter from the Federal Government and the first corporate Catholic Church to hold a charter from the Federal Government and the first corporate

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

ISAIAH TEACHES TRUE WORSHIP

Sunday, Nov. 27.—Isaiah 1 : 1-20.

Golden Text—Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or who shall stand in His holy place ? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ; (Psa. 24 : 3, 4).

Isaiah is one of the most remarkable books of the entire Bible. The experiences of Israel, God's Chosen People, both in their past, in the prophet's present, and in the far future even, and still ahead, are set forth with unerring accuracy. The coming experiences of other nations are described. The first coming and the second coming of Christ are clearly disclosed. The method and meaning of the Atonement through the death and resurrection of Christ are here. God's judgments on Israel for her sin of rejecting Him are predicted, including her tragic experiences during the centuries that have passed since Isaiah prophesied in 700 B.C. And the glories of the Millennial Kingdom are glowingly pictured, when Israel shall have turned to Christ as their Messiah, and have been regathered from all the nations, shall have been established again in the land, and our Saviour, the Jews' Messiah-King, is ruling from Jerusalem over the whole earth. The story of the whole Bible is in the book of Isaiah ; its unity and supernatural character are demonstrated in this prophecy.

The modern critical school of Bible study does not accept the claim of this book to have been written by one man, Isaiah. The two-Isaiah theory of authorship has long been popular ; and some critics do not limit themselves to two, but talk of several Isaiahs. Their grounds for this hypothetical composite authorship seem unbelievable to the thoughtful Christian. The reason given is that there is a change in the style between the earlier and the latter parts of the book. Moreover, as the first 39 chapters tell of God's judgments on Israel and Judah for her sins, and Chapters 40 to 66 tell of God's assured forgiveness and restoration of Israel and Judah, these two entirely different messages could not possibly have been written by one man. It seems strange that any one could follow this reasoning or accept this conclusion ; but many have done so. Yet even a human father can punish a disobedient child, and then can take that disobedient child into his arms in love and forgiveness. Is there any difficulty in understanding how an inspired writer of a book of the Bible could describe God's necessary judgment on sin, and storing the judged sinner ? As for difference in styles in the two parts of the book, the Scofield Reference Bible well says : "The change in style, about which so much has been said, is no more remarkable than the change in theme. A prophet who also was a patriot would not write of the sins and coming captivity of his people in the same exultant and joyous style which he would use to describe their redemption, blessing and power. In John 12 : 37-41 quotations from Isaiah 53 and 6 are both ascribed to Isaiah."

Moreover, there is no such sharp line as the critics would have between the earlier and latter parts of the book. In the first chapter, from which this week's lesson is taken, God's severe judgments on sinning Israel are detailed ; yet God's coming mercy and future forgiveness and restoration of Israel, are also promised in the same chapter. In this one chapter God condemns Jerusalem so severely as to call her Sodom and Gomorrah (verses 9, 19) ; a little later He says : "Thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, the faithful city" (verse 26).

Judah and Jerusalem had treated God shamefully. It is a baffling charge that Jehovah brings when He says : "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib ; but Israel doth not know." When men prove themselves to be lower than animals they have gone pretty low ; yet how constantly do we see this.

The body of His people, God says, is diseased through and through : "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it ; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." Is it too much to say that, as God looks down from Heaven to earth today upon the Church, which is the Body of Christ, He sees it in the same condition ? Should we not pray for the world-wide revival of the Church, that she may become strong and well, instead of diseased and almost paralytic ?

Still, worse, Israel and Judah then, like the Church today, were very religious. They were evidently careful to sacrifice many animals to the Lord. And His rebuke comes, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me?.....I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts ; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats." He condemned their empty, insincere religious ceremonies—not because these ceremonies and animal sacrifices which He had ordained were mistaken, but because the heart of the people and priests was in rebellion against God. He plainly told them what their sins were : empty, meaningless religion ; the oppression of the poor, the widow and the orphan ; corruption, robbery, grafting of every sort. If they would turn from these sins, and live righteously, then their religion and their worship of God would mean something.

And in the midst of this chapter of terrific judgment there rings out Heaven's golden bell of the Gospel—that Good News to be made possible by the sacrifice and shed blood of the Lamb of God seven centuries later:

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

A PERSONAL WATCHMAN
—at your service

Stationed at the central of the telephone plant. In touch with every circuit, every telephone, every toll line. Testing continuously for service troubles, inside and out.

Spotting the effects of moisture, corrosion, rust, electrolysis, and wear and tear.

Like the Chinese doctor, his job is to keep your service "well." But when a break occurs, and you call Repair Clerk, the job of this watchman of your service is to see that *your* telephone — *your* service — is again working in the shortest possible space of time.

To him it is not just one telephone "out." To him, you are without service — and he is *personally* responsible for seeing that it is restored.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

503

JACK TAR'S TUCK.

Many Housewives Would Envy the Resources of Naval Kitchens.

"Bottled sunshine," in the shape of orange juice, will probably soon be part of the daily ration of the men of the British navy. Experiments carried out at the Naval School of Medicine, at Greenwich, seem to show that it is superior to other substances previously used for the prevention of scurvy.

The whole system of rationing in the navy has undergone a revolution during recent years, with the result that the navy is now better fed—and consequently healthier—than it has ever been.

In the old days, each separate mess drew its own rations in kind. One man in each mess was detailed to cook, and it was his duty to prepare such things as meat and vegetables. Now these rations are handed over to the ship's cook, who deals with by a properly-trained staff.

Menus are arranged in advance for each week, and as much variety as possible is introduced into them. As Jack's food is not only better cooked than it was, it also avoids the old monotony.

Really, the men of the British navy live very well indeed. They start the day on steaming cocoa, served out as soon as they leave their hammocks. Then comes breakfast, with bacon and eggs, sausages, kippers, liver and bacon, or some similar substantial dish.

Dinner at midday is also a very substantial affair, with a big meat course, and either soup or sweet in addition. Two vegetables are always served with the meat; the authorities have long ago learned the value of vegetables in keeping men healthy on a long voyage. Tea and supper are both satisfying meals.

Lucky as Jack is in the matter of food, the men who cook for him are equally lucky. Many housewives ashore would envy the resources of the navy kitchens. Potatoes are peeled, vegetables sliced up, and breadcrumbs prepared by electricity. Then, the white-tiled floor and shining metal-work of the galley is not only spotlessly clean, but very easily kept so.

Britain's Finest Street.

Does London possess the finest street in Britain? If the line of beauty is a curve, then Regent Street may still lay claim to that distinction.

Piccadilly from Hyde Park corner to Bond Street, with its clubs and hotels on one side and Green Park on the other, is thought by many to be the pleasantest street in London, whilst Whitehall, with its massive Government buildings, its vista of towers, and its impressive Cenotaph and noble width, has many admirers.

Southport has certainly a claim with its tree-lined Lord Street, a splendid and fashionable promenade, in the midst of which is one of the most impressive war memorials.

Yet, when all is said, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, seems to be preeminent, for here we have history and architecture, nobility and beauty ideally blended. Its splendid monuments, its unrivalled view, as from a high terrace, of the ancient city, and its noble length and breadth make Prince's Street unique among thoroughfares.

Sea-Shell House.

At East Cowes, Isle of Wight, there is a building known as Shell House, which appears to be built entirely of sea shells. It is an ordinary villa, but the stucco on the front is thickly studded with many thousands of shells. They were all placed there by one man, the late Mr. Attrill, a gardener who worked at Osborne House in Queen Victoria's day. He collected the shells in Osborne Bay, and the decoration of his dwelling occupied ten years.

Interspersed with the shells are colored fragments of glass and quaint ornaments worked in various devices on the walls.

SIR VINCENT MEREDITH, BART.
President of the Bank of Montreal

SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR
General Manager of the Bank of Montreal

CHURNING

Some valuable hints on churning are given in a Dominion Department of Agriculture bulletin on Buttermaking, by Ella Pearn. In the first place all cream should be passed through a finely perforated tin strainer as it is being put into the churn The churn should never be more than one half full and the operation will be completed in the shortest time when it is only one-third full. In churning, the speed which gives the greatest concussion is most effective. If for any reason the butter is coming a little too fast it is advisable to add, just when the cream is breaking, some water with a little salt in it about two degrees colder than the cream. Common causes for the cream churning too slow are too much cream in the churn and too low a temperature. The quality of the butter is considerably affected by the time of stopping the churning. The churn should be stopped when the granules are about the size of wheat or split peas. If they are too small many of them will go through the strainer into the buttermilk and cause a considerable loss. Over-churned butter will retain a large amount of buttermilk which will be difficult to remove in washing. The buttermilk should be drawn off as soon as the churning is completed. The bulletin, which deals with all phases of buttermaking, may be obtained from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

EAT MORE SALT.

Chronic Ill-health of Many People Is Due to Under-Consumption of Salt.

Deprived of salt in every form, your health would soon fail. Disease would attack you, and you would come to an untimely end. Salt ranks with water, bread, and sleep as one of the four prime necessities of life. A medical man stated recently that the chronic ill-health of many people is due to their under-consumption of salt; they take too little in concilment form, and even less in vegetables, such as cabbages, which contain valuable salts.

Look at your salt-cellar. Each white grain of glistening salt is a perfect crystal. In a tiny pinch there are thousands. They will pass to every part of your body — blood, brain, tissues, and bones — and do their health-keeping work.

How did those crystal grains get in your salt-cellar? Here is the story, writes a Tit-Bits man.

Deep down in the earth—a thousand feet or more—nature has placed huge beds, or strata, of rock-salt. Some are one hundred feet thick. Borings—miniature wells—are driven to the beds and lined with tubes. Forages water has been running down to the rock salt to become brine. This is pumped up, and led to filtering beds so wonderfully made that when the brine emerges and is transferred to a reservoir, it is so clear that a pin lying on the bottom could be seen through it. This magical filtering—the brine is of a light brown color when pumped up—is the first step towards the goal of absolute purity.

From the enormous reservoir the clear brine is pumped to a plant which eliminates all impurities. You would hardly suspect that the filtered brine, clear as the purest water, could contain any, but some are there, and out they have to come. The pure brine is next pumped into ingenious evaporating machines—a series of coiled pans in which the water is completely evaporated.

Other processes follow, but they could only be described in technical language—and that would be a dry stream of hot white salt—the rock-salt as earth-stored for us by nature, but in a better and purer form. No element have been lost; absolute purity has been gained.

The process of drying follows. This is done with extreme care so that no contamination can arise. The salt is now ready for packing, and no hand has touched it. It goes to the huge packing hall, where all the workers are spotlessly overalled and capped, and after falling on automatic scales which weigh the quantities, it is shot direct, protected all the time from dust, into the familiar salt tins. And the tins, when full, automatically and instantly seal themselves.

The supply of brine from the natural rock-salt will last for years, so there is no danger of a salt famine in our time.

Falconry.

The ancient sport of falconry, which in the middle ages disputed for first place with hunting and jousting, is fast disappearing. The Old Hawking Club, the last to keep alive the sport, has just gone out of existence. Falconry is still practised by some persons in private. They obtain their falcons, however, in Holland. Occasionally a rider is to be seen following the flight of the falcon on horseback.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT.
4617

SHOT BY A STAR

Man Is Still Ignorant of the Origin of Those Projectiles We Call Shooting Stars.

Man spends millions in star-gazing, but though he has learned a good deal about the universe he remains ignorant of the origin of those projectiles we call shooting stars.

Most of them are tiny—about the size of a halfpenny—yet there are enough to increase the weight of our planet by five hundred tons a year. Now and then a big one comes along, and causes watching tons have rushed out of space, taking fire by friction against the atmosphere, and falling like white-hot projectiles in our midst.

Some astronomers say they are pieces of broken planet, others that they have been flung out by volcanoes of other planets, and it is known that in some cases they follow comets. Actually we know little about them, and they are always doing things which puzzle men of science.

One seen over France on August 3rd of this year was first a crimson ball travelling at terrific speed. Suddenly it seemed to come to a standstill, and after hanging motionless in the sky for two minutes, broke into two parts which became a brilliant green and slowly faded away.

In December, 1919, a giant meteorite fell into Lake Michigan. It was a huge globe of white and orange fire, and when it struck the lake it flung up a pillar of flame a hundred feet high and sent forth such a terrific concussion that the noise was heard over a large area.

On July 6th, 1913, in the middle of the day, a mass of flaming matter so bright it paled the sun itself, fell on the village of Aicocer, near Valenciennes. There was a series of deafening explosions and a rain of molten stone fired farmhouses, hayloffs, cottages, and crops. Almost the whole population of the little place were attending Mass at a church two miles away, but of those remaining some were killed and others badly burned. For hours afterwards the countryside reeked of sulphur.

The same thing occurred a few years earlier at Wyslenki, near Kieff, where fourteen houses were burned and one boy killed.

A meteorite which fell at Bellefontaine in California on the day after Christmas, 1909, demolished a house and killed its owner, Mr. C. E. Beckett, a London man. The hole made in the ground was twenty-five feet deep and blazed like a volcanic crater. The meteor itself was twelve feet in diameter.

Ships have been sunk by meteors, and many have had narrow escapes. Only six years ago the crew and passengers of the Cunarder Saxonia, when fifteen miles off Halifax, N.S., saw a monstrous meteor strike the sea, and a huge column of smoke and steam arise. The strange thing was that for twenty-four hours before the radio operators reported electric disturbances which ceased after the fall of the meteor.

There was a terrific manifestation in October, 1922, when a blazing mass swooped upon the Mexican village of Amatitan, in the State of Guerrero. The missile struck the church tower and sent it crashing to the ground, then hit the house of a man named Perez and killed his child. It made a hole twelve feet deep in the rocky ground.

The largest meteorite found by Commander Peary in Greenland weighs thirty-six and a half tons, but is nothing compared with the one which formed the Canyon Diablo in Arizona. This made a crater three-quarters of a mile across and buried itself hundreds of feet deep. Efforts are now being made to tunnel down to the mass, which is believed to be almost solid iron.

Meteors are made of similar substances to those found in the crust of this planet, but iron and nickel are the commonest materials.

Toy Balloon's Adventure.

A Polish gentleman was surprised the other day to see a colored ball come bobbing along the ground toward him. As it got closer he saw it was a toy balloon with a message attached. Imagine his surprise when he found that the message was in a foreign language, and announced that the balloon had been released in Canterbury, England, at a hospital fete held four days before.

Although it was only a toy, it had made the long journey over land and sea from the city Chaucer loved to a place some twenty miles east of Posen in remarkably good time. What did the anti-cyclones and depressions say to it as it went by? Did it meet an eagle or frighten the swallows? Unluckily, the gallant toy cannot tell us its adventures, but we can guess enough to class it with that other brave toy, Hans Andersen's tin soldier.

Woman's Status.

In France: A woman is a plaything. In Germany: A drudge. In America: A goddess. In England: A partner—nearly always a ruling partner.

This is the classification of a distinguished English professor.

Careless Addressing.

In France forty-two tons of letters could not be delivered last year owing to careless addressing.

BABY'S OWN SOAP
Best for Baby Best for You

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street. PHONE 61

ROYAL HOTEL
BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
HAIR CUT 35c.—Give us a Trial.

A. S. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
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Puff, Puff, Bang!

A young athlete at Baden, near Vienna, has attracted attention by his habit of smoking long cigars with an ecrasite cartridge in each. When he feels the explosion is imminent he holds the stump between his teeth and sets the explosion take place.

He has schooled himself to keep his head perfectly still and avoid a recoil by stiffening the muscles of his neck. If an ordinary man smoked an ecrasite cigar, he says, the recoil would almost blow his head off, but he has so trained the muscles of his neck that he will permit anyone to hold a sharp-pointed instrument close to the nape of his neck when the explosion takes place.

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One pair of sparrows multiplying for ten years without hindrance would number more than 275 billion descendants at the end of that period.

Ice Cream for the West Indies.

As a latest development of the Canada-West Indies treaty, ice-cream is being shipped from Halifax, N.S., to British Guiana in liquid form and reconstituted on destination. On the other hand, ice-cream shipped to Bermuda is shipped in blocks and kept solid throughout the journey.

There are nearly 30,000 farms in Alberta on assessable land 200 acres each. According to the city assessor the population of Toronto is 569,899.

The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1908, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Long since he had become numb with cold from incessant drenchings of icy spray that piled in over the windward counter, keeping the bottom ankle deep regardless of his laborious but intermittent efforts with the bailing dish. And the two, brigantine and cockleshell, were drawing together with appalling deliberation.

But that his voice stuck in his parched throat he could have shouted in his elation when eventually he gained the point of intersection an eighth of a mile ahead of the brigantine and got sight of her windward freeboard as most slowly the catboat forged across her course.

For all that, the moment of his actual triumph was not yet. He had still to carry off successfully a scheme that for sheer audacity of conception and contempt for danger transcended all that had gone before.

Holding the catboat on for a time, he brought her about handsomely a little way beyond the brigantine's course and hung in the eye of the wind, the leach flapping and fightening with reports like rifle shots and the water sloshing about his calves—bailing dish now altogether out of mind—while he watched the oncoming vessel, his eyes glistening with anticipation.

She was footing it smartly, the brigantine, lying down to it and snorting into the wind. Beneath her stem waves broke in snow white showers, whiter than the canvas of her bulging fills—broke and, snubbing their teeth in impotent fury, swirled and eddied down her sleek dark flanks. Bobbing, courtesying, she plunged onward, shortening the interval with mighty, leaping bounds. On her bows with each instant the golden letters of her name grew larger and more legible until—Alethea—he could read it plain beyond dispute.

Joy welled in his heart. He forgot all that he had undergone in the prospect of what he proposed still to do in the name of the only woman the world held for him. Unquestioning he had come thus far in her service; unquestioning, by her side, he was prepared to go still further, though all humanity should single her out with accusing fingers.

They were watching him aboard the brigantine. He could see a line of heads above her windward rail. Perhaps she was of their number. He waved an audacious hand. Some one replied, a great shout shattering itself unintelligibly against the gale. He neither understood nor attempted to reply. His every faculty was concentrated on the supreme moment now at hand.

Calculating the instant to a nicety, he paid off the sheet and pulled up the tiller. The catboat pivoted on her heel. With a crack her sail flapped full and rigid; then, with the untempered might of the wind behind her, she shot like an arrow under the brigantine's bows, so close that the bowsprit of the latter first threatened to impale the sail; next, the bows plunging, crashed down a bare two feet behind the catboat's stern.

Working in a frenzy of haste, Kirkwood jammed the tiller hard alee, bringing the cat about, and, trimming the mainsheet as best he might, found himself racing under the brigantine's leeward quarter, water pouring in generously over the cat's.

Luffing, he edged nearer, handling his craft as though intending to ram the heavier vessel, foot by foot shortening the little interval. When it was four feet he would risk the jump. He crawled out on the overhang, crouching on his toes, one hand light upon the tiller, the other touching the deck, ready—ready.

Abruptly the Alethea shut off the wind; the sail fluttered and the cat dropped back. In a second the distance had doubled. In anguish Kirkwood uttered an exceeding bitter cry. Already he was falling far off her counter.

A shout reached him. He was dimly conscious of a dark object hurtling through the air into the cockpit, splashing, something dropped—a coil of rope. He felt forward upon it into water eighteen inches deep and for the first time realized that but for that line he had gone to his drowning in another minute. The cat was sinking.

As he scrambled to his feet, clutching the life line, a heavy wave washed over the waterlogged craft and left it all but submerged, and a smart tug on the rope added point to the advice, which, reaching his ears in a bellow like a bull's, penetrated the panic of his wits.

"Jump! Jump, you fool!"

In an instant of coherence he saw that the brigantine was luffing. None the less much of the line had already been paid out, and there was no reckoning when the end would be reached. Without time to make it fast he hitched it twice round his waist and chest, once round an arm, and, grasping it above his head to ease its constriction when the tug should come, leaped on be combing and overboard. A green roaring avalanche swept down upon him, and the luckless catboat, overwhelming both simultaneously.

The agony that was his during the next few minutes can by no means be exaggerated. His senses were blotted out in blackness. Then he was breathing once more, the keen clean air stabbing his lungs, the while he swam unsupported in an ethereal void of brilliance. His mouth was full of something that burned, a liquid hot, acrid and stinging. He gulped, swallowed, slobbered, choked coughed, attempted to sit up, was aware that he was the focal center of a ring of glaring, burning eyes, like eyes of ravening beasts, and fainted.

His next conscious impression was of standing up, supported by friendly arms on either side, while somebody was asking him if he could walk a step or two.

He was partly seated, partly held up, on the edge of the cabin skylight, an object of interest to some half dozen men, seafaring fellows all, by their habit, clustered round between him and the windward rail. Of their number one stood directly before him, dwarfing his companions as much by his air of command as by his uncommon height—tall, thin faced and sallow, with hollow, weatherworn cheeks, a mouth like a crooked gash from ear to ear and eyes like dying coals, with which he looked the rescued up and down in one grim, semi-humorous, semi-speculative glance. In hands both huge and red he fondled tenderly a squat brandy flask whose contents had apparently been employed as a first aid to the drowning.

As Kirkwood's gaze encountered his the man smiled sourly, jerking his head to one side with a singularly derisive air.

"Hit, matey!" he blustered. "'Ow goes it now? Feelin' 'appier, eigh?"

"Some, thank you – more like a drowned rat." Kirkwood eyed him sheepishly; "I suppose you're the man who threw me that line? I'll have to wait till my head clears up before I can thank you properly."

"Don't mention it. He of the lantern jaws stowed the bottle away with jealous care in one of his immense coat pockets and seized Kirkwood's hand in a grasp that made the young man wince. "We're sofe enough now. My nyme's Stryker, Capt'n Wilyum Stryker. Wot's the row? Lookin' for a friend?" the demanded suddenly as apparently new employed as a first aid to the drowning.

"Yes; your passengers. I presume they're below"—

"Passengers!"

A hush fell upon the group, during which Kirkwood sought Stryker's eye in pitiful pleading, and Stryker looked round him blankly.

"Where's Miss Calendar?" the young man demanded sharply. "I must see her at once!"

The keen and deep set eyes of the skipper clouded as they returned to Kirkwood's perturbed countenance. "Wot're you talkin' about?" he demanded brusquely.

"I must see Miss Calendar or Calendar himself or Mulready." Kirkwood paused and, getting no reply, grew restless under Stryker's inscrutable regard. "That's why I came aboard," he amended, blind to the absurdity of the statement, "to see—er—Calendar."

"Well, I'm d——d!"

Stryker managed to infuse into his tone a deal of suspicious contempt.

"Why?" insisted Kirkwood, nettled, but still uncomprehending.

"D'you mean to tell me you come off from—wherever you did come from—intendin', to board this wessel and find a party hymed Calendar?"

"Certainly I did. Why"—

"Well!" cried Mr. Stryker, rubbing his hands together with an air oppressively obsequious. "I'm sorry to hinform you you've come to the wrong shop, sir. We don't stock no Calendars. We're in the 'ardware line, we are. You might try next door, or I dessay you'll find what you want at the stytioner's round the corner.

A giggle from his audience stimulated him. "If," he continued acidly, "I'd guessed you was such a fool, blimmy if I wouldn't 've let you drownd!"

Staggered, Kirkwood bore his sarcastic truculence without resentment.

"Calendar," he stammered, trying to explain, "Calendar said"—

"I can't 'elp wot Calendar said. Mebbe 'e did myke an engygement with you an' you've gone an' went an' forgot the dyte. Mebbe it's larst year's calendar you're thinkin' of. You, Johnny" (to a lout of a boy in the group of seamen—"you run an' fetch this gentleman Whitaker's for nineteen-six. Look sharp, now!"

"But"—with an effort Kirkwood mustered up a show of dignity—"am I to understand," he said as calmly as he could, "that you deny knowing George B. Calendar and his daughter Dorothy and"—

"I don't 'ave to. Listen to me, young man." For the time the fellow discarded his clumsy facetiousness. "I'm Wilyum Stryker, Capt'n Stryker, marster an' 'arf owner of this wessel, an' wot I says 'ere is law. We don't carry no passengers. D'ye understand me?" aggressively. "There ain't no pusson

A green roaring avalanche swept down upon him.

nymed Calendar aboard the Allytheer, an' never was, an' never will be!"

"What name did you say?" Kirkwood inquired.

"This ship? The Allytheer, registered from Liverpool, bound from London to Hantwerp, in cargo. Anythink else?"

Kirkwood shook his head, turning to scan the seascape with a gloomy gaze. As he did so and remarked how close upon the Sheppey headland the brigantine had drawn the order was given to go about. For the moment he was left alone, wretchedly wet, shivering, wan and shrunken visibly with the knowledge that he had dared greatly for nothing. But for the necessity of keeping up before Stryker and his crew the young man felt that he could gladly have broken down and wept for sheer vexation and disappointment.

Some little while later Stryker again approached him, perhaps swayed by an unaccustomed impulse of compassion, which, however, he artfully concealed. Blandly ironic, returning to his impersonation of the shopkeeper, "Nothink else we can show you, sir?" he inquired.

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found depths of exasperated rebellion.

Overhead on the deck a heavy thumping of hurrying feet awoke him to keener perceptiveness.

Judging from the incessant rolling and pitching of the brigantine, the crashing thunder of seas upon her sides, the eldritch shrieking of the gale, as well as from the chorused groans and plaints of each individual bolt and timber in the frail fabric that housed his fortunes, the wind had strengthened materially during his hours of forgetfulness, however many the latter might have been.

A wild night, certainly. Probably by that time the little vessel was in the middle of the North sea, bound for Antwerp.

The first color of resentment ebbing from his thoughts left him rather interested than excited by the prospect. He found that he was neither pleased nor displeased. He presumed that it would be no more difficult to raise money on personal belongings in Antwerp than anywhere else. It has been observed that the first flower of civilization is the rum blossom, the next the conventionalized fleur-de-lis of the money lender. There would be pawnshops, then, in Antwerp, and Kirkwood was confident that the sale or pledge of his sunset ring, scarfpin, matchbox and cigar case would provide him with money enough for a return to London by third class, at the worst. There—well, all events were on the knees of the gods. He'd squirm out of his troubles somehow. As for the other matter, the Calendar affair, he presumed he was well rid of it—with a sigh of regret. It had been a most enticing mystery, you know, and the woman in the case was extraordinary, to say the least.

The memory of Dorothy Calendar made him sigh again. And he sat up, bumped his head, groped round until his hand fell upon a doorknob, opened the door and looked out into the blowzy emptiness of the ship's cabin proper, whose gloomy confines were made visible only by the rays of a dingy and smoky lamp swinging violently in gimbals from a deck beam.

Kirkwood's clothing, now rough dried and warped wretchedly out of shape, had been thrown carelessly on a transom near the door. He got up, collected them and, returning to his berth, dressed at leisure, thinking heavily, disgruntled—in a humor as evil as the after taste of bad brandy in his mouth. He had slept away some eighteen or twenty hours. He felt stronger now and bright enough—and enormously hungry into the bargain.

Abstractedly, heedless of the fact that his tobacco would be water soaked and ruined, he fumbled in his pockets for pipe and pouch, thinking to soothe the pangs of hunger against breakfast time. His pockets were empty—every one of them. He assimilated this discovery in patience and cast an eye about the room, to locate, if possible, the missing articles. But naught of his was visible. So he rose and began a more painstaking search.

The cabin was at once tiny, low ceiled and depressingly gloomy. Its furniture consisted entirely in a chair or two, supplementing the transoms and lockers as resting places, and a center table covered with a cloth of turkey red, whose original aggressiveness had been darkly moderated by libations of liquids, principally black coffee and burnt offerings of grease and tobacco ash. Biche de la mer pounded, and, from the commotion overhead, the watch changed. A little later the companionway door slammed open and shut, and Captain Stryker fell down, rather than descended, the steps.

Without attention to the American he rolled into the mate's room and roused that personage. Kirkwood heard that the name of the second in command was Dobbs, as well as that he occupied the starboard stateroom aft. After a brief exchange of comment and instruction Mr. 'Obbs appeared in the shape of a walking pillar of oilskins, capped by a sou'wester, and went on deck. Stryker, following him out of the stateroom, shed his own oilers in a clammy heap upon the floor, opened a locker from which he brought forth a bottle and a dirty glass, and, turning toward the table, for the first time became sensible of Kirkwood's presence.

"Ow, there you are, eigh, little bright eyes!" he exclaimed, with surprised animation.

"Good morning, Captain Stryker," said Kirkwood, rising. "I want to tell you"—

But Stryker waved one great red paw impatiently, with the effect of sweeping scarfpin and casting into the fireard Kirkwood's intended speech of thanks. Nor would he hear him further.

"Did you 'ave a nice little nap?" he interrupted. "Come up bright an' smilin', eigh? Now I guess"—the emphasis made it clear that the captain believed himself to be employing an Americanism, and so successful was he in his own esteem that he could not resist the temptation to improve upon the imitation—"now I guess you're about right ready, ben't ye, to hev a drink, sonny?"

"No, thank you," said Kirkwood, smiling tolerantly. "I've got any amount of appetite."

"Ave you, now?" Shryker dropped his mimicry and glanced at the clock. "Breakfast," he announced, "will be served in the nyme dinin' saloon at eyght a. m. Passingers is requested not to be lyte at tyble."

Depositing the bottle on the said table, the captain searched until he found another glass for Kirkwood and sat down.

"Do you good," he insinuated, pushing the bottle gently over.

"No, thank you," reiterated Kirkwood shortly, a little annoyed.

Stryker seized his own glass, poured out a strong man's dose of the fiery concoction, gulped it down and sighed. Then, with a glance at the American's woebegone countenance, he filled his pipe.

The fumies of burning shag sharpened the tooth of desire. Kirkwood stood it as long as he could, then surrendered with an "If you've got any more of that tobacco, captain, I'd be glad of a pipe."

An intensely contemplative expression crept into the captain's small blue eyes.

"I only got one other pyper of this 'ere 'baccy," he announced at length, "an' I can't get no more till I gets 'ome. I simply couldn't part with it hunder 'arf a quid."

Kirkwood settled back with a hopeless lift of his shoulders. Abstractedly Stryker gifted the smoke his way until he could endure the deprivation no longer.

"I had about 10 shillings in my pocket when I came aboard, captain, and a few other articles."

"Ow, yes; so you 'ad, now you mention it."

Stryker rose, ambled into his room and returned with Kirkwood's possessions and a fresh paper of shag. While the young man was hastily filling, lighting and inhaling the first strangling but delectable whiff the captain solemnly counted into his own palm all the loose change except three large pennies. The latter he shoved over to Kirkwood in company with a miscellaneous assortment of articles, which the American picked up piece by piece and began to bestow about his clothing. When through he sat back, troubled and disgusted. Stryker met his regard blandly.

"Anything I can do?" he inquired, in suave concern.

"Why, there was a black pearl scarfpin"—

"Wy, don't you remember? You gave that to me 'count of me 'avin' saved yer life. 'Twas me throwed you that line, you know."

"Oh," commented Kirkwood briefly. The pin had been among the most valuable and cherished of his belongings.

"Yes," nodded the captain in reminiscence. "You don't remember? Likely 'twas the brandy singin' in yer 'ead. You pushes it into my 'ands—almost weepin', you was—an' sez, sez you' 'Stryker,' you sez, 'tyke this in triffin' toking of my gratichood; I wouldn't hinsult you,' you sez, 'by hofferin' you money, but this I can insist on yer acceptin', an' no refusal,' says you."

"Oh," remarked Kirkwood.

"If I for an instant thought you wasn't sober when you done it— But no; you're a gent, if there ever was one, an' I'm not the man to offend you."

"Oh, indeed."

Captain Stryker thoughtfully measured out a second drink, limited only by the capacity of the tumbler, engulfed it noisily and got up.

"Guess I'll be turnin' in," he volunteered affably, yawning and stretching.

"I was about to ask you to do me a service," began Kirkwood.

"Yes?" with the rising inflection of mockery

Kirkwood quietly produced his cigar case, a gold matchbox, gold cardcase, and slipped a signet ring from his finger. "Will you buy these," he asked, "or will you lend me £5 and hold them as security?"

Stryker examined the collection with exaggerated interest strongly tinctured with mistrust. "I'll buy 'em," he offered eventually, looking up.

"That's kind of you"—

"Ow, they ain't much use to me, but Bill Stryker's allus willin' to accommodate a friend. Four quid, you said?"

"Five."

"They ain't worth over four to me."

"Very well. Make it four," Kirkwood assented contemptuously.

The captain swept the articles into one spacious fist, grinned on one heel at the peril of his neck and lumbered unsteadily off to his room. Pausing at the door, he turned back in inquiry.

"I sye, 'ow did you come to get the impression there was a party named Allgnanick aboard this wessel?"

"Calendar"—

"Ave it yer own wye," Stryker conceded gracefully.

"There isn't, is there?"

"You 'eard me."

"Then," said Kirkwood sweetly, "I'm sure you wouldn't be interested."

The captain pondered this at leisure. "You seemed pretty keen ahaht seein' 'im," he remarked conclusively.

"I was."

"Seems to me I did 'ear the nyme sum'eres afore." The captain appeared to wrestle with an obdurate memory. "Ow!" he triumphed. "I know. 'E was a chap up Manchester wye. Keeper in a lunatic asylum 'e was. That yer party?"

"No," said Kirkwood wearily.

"I didn't know but mebbe 'twas. Excuse me. Thought as 'ow mebbe you'd escaped from a lunatic asylum, but, bindin' the world cold, changed yer mind an' wanted to gow back."

Without waiting for a reply he lurched into his room and banged the door to. Kirkwood, divided between amusement and irritation, heard him mumbling about for some time, and then a hush fell, grateful enough while it lasted, which was not long, for no sooner did the captain sleep than a penetrating snore added itself unto the cacophony of waves and wind and tortured ship.

Kirkwood, comforted at first by the blessed tobacco, lapsed insensibly into dreary meditations.

'Ow, there you are, eigh, little bright eyes!"

Of one or two things he was convinced—for one, that Stryker was a liar worthy of classification with Calendar and Mrs. Hallam. His impregnable conclusion was that those whom he sought had boarded the Alethea, but had left her before she tripped her anchor. That they were not stowed away aboard her seemed unquestionable. The brigantine was hardly large enough for the presence of three persons aboard her to be long kept a secret from an inquisitive fourth—unless, indeed, they lay in hiding in the hold, for which, once the ship got under way, there could be scant excuse. And Kirkwood did not believe himself a person of sufficient importance in Calendar's eyes to make that worthy endure the discomforts of a tween decks imprisonment throughout the voyage, even to escape recognition.

With every second, then, he was traveling farther from her to whose aid he had rushed, impelled by motives so hot headed, so innately chivalric, so unthinkingly gallant, so exceptionally idiotic!

"What else could I do?" he defended himself against the indictment of common sense. "I couldn't leave her to the mercies of that set of rogues. And heaven knows I was given every reason to believe she would be aboard this ship! Why, she herself told me that she was sailing!"

Heaven knew, too, that this folly of his had cost him a pretty penny, first and last. His watch was gone beyond recovery, his homeward passage forfeited. He no longer harbored illusions as to the steamship company presenting him with another berth in lieu

(Continued on page 5)

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Real Brain Waves.

Electric waves, like wireless waves, emanating from the living human brain, are said to have been discovered by an Italian scientist.

To demonstrate his claim, a man or woman, and a sensitive wireless receiving set are placed inside a metallic cage, the cage being necessary to shield the apparatus from stray wireless waves or other disturbances from near-by wireless stations.

Usually, the person used in the tests is one subject to trances like a medium, or to mental disturbances like hysteria. During these psychic happenings curious signals not otherwise explainable are detected in the wireless receiver.

On one occasion a wireless signal was heard, when a hypnotized subject was made to recall mental images of dead relatives. Other signals were heard when a trance medium inside the cage experienced what is called "erypthesthesia," which is the perception otherwise than through normal touch or sight of an article concealed by wrappings.

If it is proved that these waves do actually emanate from the human brain, they would possess great importance as a possible physical basis for telepathy.

Immigrants.

Official returns show that for the year ending March 31, 1927, there were 143,991 new arrivals in Canada, being 47,927, more than for the previous year.

An analysis of the sources of this movement reveals that over a third of the total, or 49,784, were from the British Isles; 21,025 from the United States, and 73,182 from other countries. For the year reported on, 12,540 came from Germany, 6,505 from Poland, 5,180 from Finland, 3,384 from Norway, 2,628 from Sweden, 2,030 from Denmark, 1,674 from Holland, 648 from France and 30 from Iceland, a total of 35,519 from these countries of North Europe.

All-Metal Air Liners.

The first all-metal flying passenger ships ever built in Great Britain are now nearing completion at Rochester.

They are intended for use on the oversea links of the 10,000 miles Empire air route connecting England with Australia, the overland links of which are now being steadily forged.

The new flying ships have been developed from the recently-launched Singapore, an aerial battleship now being tested by the Air Ministry.

The metal hulls are built up of riveted metal sheets, a form of construction which allows cross-bracing to be eliminated, thereby providing room for a wide, comfortable passenger cabin in the hull.

There will be accommodation for fifteen passengers in each flying ship, says Tit-Bits, which will also be equipped with a kitchen, from which meals will be served while in flight.

MAN SO NERVOUS FEELS HIS STOMACH JUMP

"I got so nervous my stomach felt like it was jumping. Vinol entirely relieved the trouble. I feel better than in years."—J. C. Duke.

Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc., give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Allen's Music Hall

For best Canadian made

PIANOS

with manufacturers name thereon

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

Diamond Disc and Ambrolas. Recreations playing seven to forty minutes. No needles.

WHITE ROTARY SEWING MACHINES

Light running and noiseless. Also other makes.

VIOLINS AND BOWS

From $10.00 to $50.00, and smaller. Music Goods.

SPECIAL TERMS through November, 1927

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon: "Neither Optimist nor Pessimist."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon: "To the Man who has no use for Religion."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Fish !!

Fresh white fish and herrings, caught in Lake Ontario. Sold at PERRY'S GROCERY. 'Phone 130. We handle the pick of the catch.'

Notice to the Public.

J. W. Metzler and C. Hawley have moved their Insurance Offices over the Montreal Bank, in the officer formerly occupied by the late G. F. Ruttan.

J. W. METZLER.
C. HAWLEY.
52-d

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark, Auctioneer, will sell for Arch Denison, lot 16, con. 6 Township of Richmond, on Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, 1927, at 12 o'clock noon, 19 good cows, purebred cow, purebred bull, Samson tractor, manure spreader, 2 gasoline engines, Chevrolet car, and all the stock and machinery on the farm. Usual terms.

Killed With His Own Gun.

Harold Groff, aged 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Groff, Trenton, was instantly killed in a hunting accident on Tuesday morning of last week, at Hay Bay. He was on a duck hunting expedition with Geo. Gulliver, a brother-in-law. Mr. Gulliver walked several miles to take the news to Dr. Cowan, Coroner, who deemed an inquest unnecessary. The remains were taken to Trenton for interment.

Obituary.

Amelia Alice Bowen, widow of the late Robert Thompson, passed peacefully away on Thursday evening at the home of her sons, Messrs. J. W. and R. B. Thompson. The late Mrs. Thompson was born in Richmond and would have been 87 years of age on Sunday. Surviving are three sons, Messrs. J. W. and R. B. Thompson, Napanee, and James Thompson, Deseronto road, also two daughters, Mrs. Chas. McGreer, Deseronto road, and Mrs. Richardson, Sydenham. The funeral took place on Saturday.

Bath as a Grain Terminal.

A deputation from the village of Bath appeared before the County Council on Tuesday afternoon. The deputation explained the steps the village had already taken in the matter. Dr. Northmore was the principal speaker, explaining to the County Council the negotiations already undertaken by the village with the Minister of Railways and Canals. The principal objection urged by the Minister was the isolation of Bath from the Canadian Pacific Railways, connection with which would be necessary to the grain terminal. The speaker pointed out that a railway could be built from Bath to Harrowsmith with reasonable grades, the expense of which would be largely offset by other expenses which would be avoided at Bath. The speaker urged that the County Council appoint members to a deputation to interview the Minister at Ottawa. Mr. Aylesworth, Reeve of Newburgh, then addressed the council in reference to communications he had had from the Minister of Railways and Canals in reference to the feasibility of placing the grain terminal at Bath, whose harbour needs no dredging, and is acknowledged to be the best harbour east of Toronto. A resolution endorsing the move made by Bath by the County Council, was moved by Mr. Aylesworth, seconded by Mr. W. C. T. Loyst, was unanimously passed. The County Council members of the committee will be Warden Young, Mr. Creighton, Mr. Aylesworth and Mr. Loyst.

'Twas a Woman.

The founder of the linen-thread industry was a woman, Christian Shaw, who first made thread near Paisley, Scotland, about 1700.

Telephones In Saskatchewan.

In Saskatchewan one out of every eight persons is a telephone subscriber. In all there are 102,148 telephones in use in the province.

The Reward of Years of Toil

IF YOU contemplate an auction sale, the closing out of your years of effort in building up a complete farm equipment, the Standard Bank is splendidly equipped to cater to your financial needs. Our local manager and his staff will gladly make all arrangements for the collection and discounting of all sale notes and for furnishing an extension of credit where necessary. A successful sale is entirely dependent upon sound financial arrangements.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

SALVATION ARMY

Ensign and Mrs. Howe, Commanding Officers.

Special anniversary services conducted by Brigadier Byers. Saturday, 8 p.m.—Praise service.

Sunday, 11 a.m.—Holiness service.

2 p.m.—Special Young People's Service.

7.30 p.m.—Salvation Service. A hearty welcome to all.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 2.30 p.m.; Public Worship 3.30 p.m.

Anderson Church: Sunday 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—
2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

Cello-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark will sell for George Kinnear on lot 11, con. 5, Richmond, two miles west of Napanee, on Tuesday, December 6th, 1927, all his farm stock, usual farm implements, horses, cows, etc. Usual terms.

Odessa Couple are Wedded Fifty Years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clark celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home at Odessa on Sunday, Nov. 13th. Mr. Clark is of U. E. L. descent. He was born and is still living on the farm where his grandfather, the late Matthew Clark, settled in 1800. Mrs. Clark, who was Ann Caulder, is of Scotch-Irish descent. There was present on this occasion, Mrs. D. M. Wemp, of Bath, one of Mrs. Clark's bridesmaids. Three daughters, Mrs. Jas. D. Snider, Mrs. John Hagerman, Miss Willanna and two sons, Mr. James Clark and Dr. Alex M. Clark, of Kingston, are living. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have three grandchildren, the Misses Nora and Lena Hagerman and Master Murray Clark. The children and grandchildren, together with a few immediate relatives and friends, took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Following dinner their only grandson was baptized by the Rev. Mr. McQuade, of Odessa United Church. In the afternoon a number of friends called to congratulate the bride and groom of fifty years ago and to wish them many more years together. Mrs. James Clark, assisted by Miss McConnaule, of Kingston, served tea to the friends who called in the afternoon. The rooms were brightened with flowers bearing the congratulations of their many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Clark were the recipients of many beautiful gifts.

KNOTTY LEGAL PROBLEMS.

Judicial Committee of Privy Council Decide Many Complex Questions.

How complex are many of the problems dealt with by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which sits in what has been described as "the Dowdy Court in Downing street," may be gathered by reference to the Rhodes lecture delivered in London a short time ago by Prof. J. H. Morgan, K.C. Culling from the reports of the proceedings of the committee, he indicated that one day they were discussing a marriage case from Quebec, the canon law of the Middle Ages, and another day exploring the text of a Brahminical jurisconsult forbidding centuries before the birth of Christ, the giving or taking of an only son in adoption—ancestor worship. Then they were called upon to decide whether a Hindu idol which had fallen among quarrelsome guardians should have appointed unto him a "next friend"; whether a converted Zoroastrian should be permitted to trespass among pure Parsees within the sacred precincts of the Temple of Fire at Rangoon; and the precise nature of the usufructuary rights of aboriginal tribes over Nigerian lands, which know nothing more modern than communal ownership, older than the origin of private property in land.

Civil Aviation.

Inaugurating an aggressive policy for the encouragement of civil aviation, by providing new facilities for training young Canadian fliers, Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence, has announced the terms under which assistance will be given by the Department to establish flying clubs in the larger centres of the Dominion, to promote a more widespread knowledge and use of aviation. The general scheme is that the Department will lease to each approved and duly incorporated club or association two light airplanes free of charge on condition that the club or association will make the adequate housing, repair and maintenance of the aircraft, and a suitable field or seaplane station for their operation and provide for the services of a duly qualified instructor to supervise the flying, and a licensed air engineer for the maintenance of the aircraft in an airworthy condition.

For Sale.

One bay mare 7 years old. Apply at VINE'S ELECTRIC SHOP.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach.

ODESSA.

The many friends of Mrs. Arthur Davis will be sorry to hear that she passed away at the home of her daughter, in Memphis, Tennesee. The deceased was formerly Miss Hattie Breden, a sister of Lady Sharpe, London, and Dr. Willana Breden, Los Angeles. Their childhood and school days were spent here and were grand daughters of the late Robert Breden. Mrs. Davis had lived in Los Angeles for a number of years and recently visited her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Long and little daughter, Dorothy, spent a few days recently with Mrs. Long's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Thompson.

Judge Deroche and Mrs. Deroche, Belleville, and Mrs J. G. Eltinger, Kingston, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith.

Miss Gleason, Almonte, is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. L. Swift.

Harold Metzler and sister, Margaret, Trenton, spent the week-end with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Swift and little daughter, Catherine, spent a few days recently with the former's father, in Cobourg.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham visited with friends in Altsville.

Mrs. Sidney Sproule visited friends in Cobourg.

Mrs. Lewis Snider has returned from spending the past three weeks with friends in Sydenham.

Stanley Sproule lost a valuable horse last week by slipping on the ice.

Mrs. George Benjamin and son, Roy, Michigan, have taken apartments with Mrs. D. J. Hartman for the winter months.

Radio Accessories.

Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
SIMCOE ST. TAMWORTH
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
MALLEABLE, IRON, STEEL, CASTINGS

Plow Shares.

To fit all makes of plows at THE M. B. MILLS CO. 48-tf

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prces:

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.
Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Two large lizards and a python (a constrictor snake) are "members of the cast" of Milton Sills' stirring adventure drama, "FRAMED."

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Monty Blue presents one of his special features, "THE LONE WOLF RETURNS."

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A special selected feature, all star cast, "MONEY TO BURN."

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited.

Belleville, Ontario.

(60th Year)

Famed throughout America and the West Indies for the **Superiority** of its **Courses** and the **Success** of its **Graduates.** Prepares students for positions as **Accountants, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Stenographers,** etc.

Students may start at any time.

Write for O. B. C. Catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

40-1

Poultry Fair!

Napanee Poultry Fair

Nov. 30, - Dec. 1

DOMINION OF CANADA VICTORY LOAN BONDS

MATURING 1st DECEMBER, 1927

THE BANK OF MONTREAL, at all of its Branches in Canada, is prepared to accept the above bonds for redemption at maturity.

For the convenience of owners of the bonds, the Bank of Montreal will accept the bonds at any time prior to December 1st, and will make payment in each case on December 1st, either by issuing a cheque or by placing the amount to the owner's credit in the books of the Bank, as the owner may desire.

MacGregor's Weekly Store News

Four Days' Sale Beginning Poultry Day, Wednesday, Nov. 30th, and ending Saturday, Dec. 3rd.

This is the biggest effort in bargain giving we have yet made, and a visit on any of the Four days will be time well spent.

The following is only a partial list of the real bargains to be found here during our December Four Big Days.

"Seconds" in the Celebrated Woods Lavender Line Underwear

No Sleeve Vest, size 38, exceptional value at ..... 39C. EA.

No Sleeve Vests, lace trimmed top, size 38 to 44, selling ..... AT 49C.

Vests with no sleeves, or short sleeves, tailored top, sizes 36 to 42 AT 65C.

Ladies' Silk and Wool Combinations, no sleeves, ankle or knee length, selling at ..... $1.19 SUIT

Ladies' Pure Wool Combinations, half sleeves and no sleeve, ankle or knee length $1.98

New shipment of LADIES' SILK AND WOOL HOSE

In regular 98c. quality, some slightly imperfect, colors Black and White, Peach and White, Camel and White, Grey and White. **Sale Price 69c. Pair.**

LADIES' WHITE FLANNELETTE GOWNS

Big generous sizes—Short Sleeves, **79c.**; Long Sleeves, **98c.**

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A BIG SHIPMENT OF BETTY BROWN DRESSES

Bought away below the market price. This lot includes All Wool Flannel, Jerseys, Duponts, Botany Serges, in big range of shades and styles—**Any Dress $7.98.**

BUY YOUR WINTER SUPPLY OF FLANNELETTE BLANKETS HERE AND SAVE MONEY.

We will sell the famous "Ibex" Blankets, in either Grey or White, with Blue or Pink Border, largest 72 in. x 90 in., **$2.10 Pair.**

PURE LINEN ROLLER TOWELLING

16 inches wide, pure bleached, with double stripe of Blue and White, Pink and White, or Mauve and White—**15c. Yard.**

A Few Real, Attractive Bargains from our Second Floor

5-String Corn Brooms ..... 49c.
Another lot of Glass Mixing Bowls, in sets of 5, from 5 in. to 9 in. ..... 69c. Set
50 only Cuckoo Clocks, ... selling at 69c.
Plain White Cups ..... 10c. Each

Clover Leaf Cups and Saucers ..... 15c.
Clover Leaf 5 in. Plate ..... 2 for 25c.
Clover Leaf 6 in. Plate ..... 2 for 35c.
Clover Leaf 7 in. Plate ..... 20c.
Clover Leaf 8 in. Plate ..... 25c.

The Black Bag

(Continued from page 3)

of that called for by that water soaked slip of paper then in his pocket—courtesy of Stryker. He had sold for a pittance, a tithe of its value, his personal jewelry and had spent every penny he could call his own. With the money Stryker was to give him he would be able to get back to London and his third rate hostelry, but not with enough over to pay that one week's room rent, or—

"Oh, the devil!" he groaned, head in hands.

The future loomed wrapped in unspeakable darkness, lighted by no least ray of hope. It had been bad enough to lose a comfortable living through a gigantic convulsion of nature, but to think that he had lost all else though his own egregious folly, to find himself reduced to the kennels!

Stryker, emerging from his room for breakfast, found the passenger with a hostile look in his eye and a jaw set in ugly fashion. His eyes, too, were the abiding place of smoldering devils, and the captain, recognizing them, considerately forbore to stir them up with any untimely pleasantries. To be sure, he was autocrat on his own ship, and Kirkwood's standing aboard was nil, but then there was just enough yellow in the complexion of Stryker's soul to incline him to sidestep trouble whenever feasible. And, besides, he entertained dark suspicions of his guest—suspicions he scarce dared voice even to his inmost heart.

The morning meal, therefore, passed off in constrained silence. The captain ate voraciously and vociferously, pushed back his chair, and went on deck to relieve the mate. The latter, a stunted little cockney with a wizened countenance and a mind as foul as his tongue, got small change of his attempts to engage the passenger in conversation on topics that he considered fit for discussion. After the sixth or eighth snubbing he rose in dudgeon, discharged a poisonous bit of insolence and retired to his berth, leaving Kirkwood to finish his breakfast in peace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO the tune of a moderating wind the morning wearied away. Kirkwood went on deck once for distraction from the intolerable monotony of it all, got a sound drenching of spray and was glad to dodge below and dry himself.

He had the pleasure of the mate's company at dinner, the captain remaining on deck until Hobbs had finished and gone up to relieve him, and by that time Kirkwood was through.

Stryker blew down with a blustery show of cheer. "Well, well, my little man!" it happened that he topped Kirkwood's stature by at least five inches.) "Enj'yin' yer sea trip?"

"About as much as you'd expect," snapped Kirkwood.

"Aw!" The captain began to shovel food into his face. Kirkwood watched him, fascinated with suspense. It seemed impossible that the man could continue so to employ his knife without cutting his throat from the inside. But years of such manipulation had made him expert, and his guest, keenly disappointed, at length ceased to hope.

Between gobbles Stryker eyed him furtively.

"Treat me all right?" he demanded abruptly.

Kirkwood started out of a brown study. "What's Who? Why, I suppose I ought to be—indeed, I am grateful," he asserted. "Certainly you saved my life, and—"

"Aw, I don't mean that." Stryker gathered the imputation into his paw and flung it disdainfully to the four winds of heaven. "Bless yer 'art, you're welcome. I wouldn't let no dog drownd if I could elp it. No," he declared, "nor a bastard, neither."

He thrust his plate away and shifted sidewise in his chair. "I 'uz just wonderin', he pursued, picking his teeth meditatively with a penknife, "how they feeds you in them jails over 'ere. 'Avin never been inside one myself, it's on'y natural I'd be cur'us. There was one of them institootions near where I was borned—Birmingham, that is, I was too small to 'ave strolled far for the grounds. I remember just as well! One of 'em an' me struck up quite an acquaintance"—

"Naturally he'd take to you on sight," —

"Aw! Strynge 'ow we 'it it off, eh? You myke me think of 'im. Young chap 'e was, the livin' spit an' image of you. It don't happen, does it, you're the same man? He was allus plannin' to run awye an' drownd 'iself."

He wore the joke threadbare even to his own taste and in the end got heavily to his feet, giving for the companionway. "Land you this afternoon," he remarked casually, "come 3 o'clock or thereabats—per'aps later. I don't know, though, as I 'ad ought to be out so soon."

Kirkwood made no answer. Chuckling, Stryker went on deck.

In the course of an hour the American followed him. The Alethea was within the wide jaws of the western Scheldt. Kirkwood approached the captain, who, acting as his own pilot, was standing by the wheel and barking sharp orders to the helmsman.

"Have you a Bradshaw on board?" asked the young man.

"Steady!" This to the man at the wheel; then to Kirkwood, "Wot's that, me lud?"

Kirkwood repeated his question. Stryker eyed him suspiciously for a thought.

"Wot d' you want it for?"

"I want to see when I can get a boat back to England."

"I'll tell you, you'll find a Bradshaw in the port locker, near the for'ard bulkhead. Run along now an' ply, an' mind you don't go tearin' out the pyges to myke pyper boatses to go sylin' in."

Kirkwood went below, found the designated locker and, opening it, saw first to his hand the familiar bulky red volume.

The strap removed, the book opened easily, as if by force of habit at the precise table he had wished to consult. Some previous client had left a marker between the pages—and not an ordinary bookmark by any manner of means. Kirkwood gave utterance to a little gasp of amusement and instinctively glanced up at the companionway to see if he were observed.

He was not, but for safety's sake he moved farther back into the cabin and out of the range of vision of any one on deck—a precaution which was almost immediately justified by the clumping of heavy feet upon the steps as Stryker descended in pursuit of the ever essential drink.

"Find it?" he demanded, staring blindly with eyes not yet focused to the change from light to gloom at the young man, who was sitting with the guide open on his knees, a tightly clinched fist resting on the transom at either side of him.

In reply he received a monosyllable affirmative. Kirkwood did not look up.

"You must be a bowl," commented the captain, making for the sedeuting locker.

"A—what?"

"A bowl, readin' that fine print there in the dark. Why don't you go over to the light? I'll 'ave to 'ave them shutters tyken off the winders."

"I'm all right." Kirkwood went on studying the book.

Stryker swigged off his rum and wiped his lips with the back of a red paw, hesitating a moment to watch his guest.

"Myke it seem more 'omelike for you, I expect," he observed

"What do you mean?"

"Wy, Bradshaw's first cousin to a balmanack, ain't 'e? Can't get one

'I 'uz just wonderin' 'ow they feeds you in them asylums.'

take t'other—next best thing. Sorry I don't think of it sooner; like my passengers to feel comfy. No, don't you go traipsin' off to gay Paree an' squanderin' wot money you got left. You 'ear?"

"By the way, captain?" Kirkwood looked up at this, but Stryker was already halfway up the companion.

Cautiously the American opened his right fist and held to the light that which had been concealed, close and clded in his grasp a square of sheer linen edged with lace, crumpled, but spotless and diffusing in the unwhole some den a faint intangible fragrance, he verified wrath of that elusive perfume which he would never again inhale without instantly recalling that night ride through London in the intimacy of a cab.

He closed his eyes and saw her again as clearly as though she stood before him—hair of gold massed above the forehead of snow, curling in odd, little tendrils at the nape of her neck, lips like scarlet splashed upon the immaculate whiteness of her skin, head poised audaciously in its spirited, youthful allure, dark eyes smiling the least trace sadly beneath the level brows.

Unquestionably the handkerchief was hers. If proof other than the assurance of his heart were requisite he had it in the initials delicately embroidered in one corner—A. D. for Dorothy!

Quivering with excitement, he bent again over the book and studied it intently. After all, he had not been forced to consult a name now, without fear of refutation, that Stryker had read.

Some one had wielded an industrious pencil on the page. It was, taken as a whole, fruitful of clews. Its very handling was illuminating. "London to Flissingen (Flushing) and Breda," which happened to be the quickest and most direct route between London and Antwerp. Beneath it, in the second column from the left, he found had put a check mark against "Queensborough—dep—11a10."

And now he saw it clearly. Dolt that he had been not to have divined it before! The Alethea had run in to Queensborough, landing her passengers there that they might make connection with the 11:10 morning boat for Flushing, the other side wheel steamer doubtless which he had noticed beating out in the teeth of the gale just after the brigantine had picked him up.

A third check had been placed against the train for Amsterdam scheduled to leave Antwerp at 6:32 p. m. Momentarily his heart misgave him when he saw this in fear lest Calendar and Dorothy should have gone on from Antwerp the previous evening, but then he rallied, discovering that the boat train from Flushing did not arrive at Antwerp till after 10 at night, and there was no later train thence for Amsterdam. Were the latter truly their purposed destination they would have stayed overnight and be leaving that very evening on the 6:32. On the other hand, why should they wait for the latest train rather than proceed by the first available in the morning? Why but because Calendar and Mulready were to wait for Stryker to join them on the Alethea?

Very well, then. If the wind held and Stryker knew his business, there would be another passenger on that train in addition to the Calendar party!

Making mental note of the fact that the boat train for Flushing and London was scheduled to leave Antwerp daily at 8:21 p. m., Kirkwood restored the guide to the locker lest inadvertently the captain should pick it up and see what Kirkwood had seen.

An hour later he went on deck. The skies had blown clear, and the brigantine was well in land bound waters and still footing a rattling pace. Antwerp was in sight.

A troublesome care stirring in his mind, Kirkwood looked round the deck, but Stryker was very busy, entirely too preoccupied with the handling of his ship to be interrupted with impunity. Besides, there was plenty of time.

Up past the dockyards, where spidery masts stood in dense groves about painted funnels and men swarmed over huge wharfs like ants over a crust of bread; up and round the final great sweeping bend of the river, the Alethea made her sober way, ever with greater slowness, until at length in the rose glow of a flawless evening her windlass began to clank like a mad thing and her anchor bit the river bed near the left bank below old Forts Isabelle and Tete de Flandre, frowned upon from the right by the grim pile of the age old Steen castle.

Kirkwood sought Stryker, his carking query ready on his lips, but the captain impatiently waved him aside.

"Don't you bother me now, me lud juke. Wyte until I gets done with the custom hofficer."

Stryker, emitting benignly and massaging his lips with the back of his hand, followed the official on deck, nodded to Kirkwood an intimation that he was prepared to accord him an audience and strolled forward to the waist. The American, mastering his resentment, meekly followed. One cannot well afford to be haughty when one is asking favors.

Advancing to the rail, the captain whistled in one of the river boats, then, while the waterman waited, faced his passenger.

"Now, yer royal 'ighness, wot can I do for you afore you goes ashore?"

"I think you must have forgotten," said Kirkwood quietly "I hate to trouble you, but—there's that matter of £4."

Stryker's face was expressive only of mystified vacuity. "Four quid? I dunno as I know just wot you means."

"You agreed to advance me £4 on those things of mine—"

"Oh!" Illumination overspread the moon jowled countenance. Stryker smiled cheerfully. "Garn with you!" he chuckled. "You will 'ave yer little joke, won't you, sir? I declare I never see a loony with such affectin' playful ways!"

Kirkwood's eyes narrowed. "Stryker," he said steadily, "give me the £4 and let's have no more nonsense or else hand over my things at once."

"Daffy." Stryker told vacancy, with conviction. "Lor' luv me if I sees 'ow he's ever 'ad sense enough to escype 'Ys yer unwisely," and he bowed comic. "I 'ave given you yer quid."

"Just about as much as I gave you that pearl pin," retorted Kirkwood hotly. "What do you mean?—"

"Wy, me lud, nothing. £4 pure yer passyge. I thought you understood."

"My passage! But I can come across by steamer for 30 shillings, first class"—

"Aw, but them steamers! Tricky, they is, an' unsyfe. No, yer gryce, the W Stryker Packet line, limited, London to Antwerp, charges £4 per passyge an' no reduction for return fare."

Stunned by his effrontery, Kirkwood stared in silence.

"Any complynts," continued the captain, looking over Kirkwood's head, "must be lyde afore the board of directors in writin' not more'n thirty dyes after—"

"You d——d scoundrel!" interpolated Kirkwood thoughtfully.

Stryker's mouth closed with a snap; his features froze in a cast of wrath; cold rage glinted in his small blue eyes. "Wy," he bellowed, "you bloomin' bounder, you think you cen sye that to Bill Stryker on 'is own vessel!"

He hesitated a moment, then launched a heavy fist at Kirkwood's face. Unsurprised, the young man sidestepped, caught the hard, bony wrist as the captain lurched by, following his wasted blow, and with a dexterous twist laid him flat on his back with a sounding thump upon the deck. And as the infuriated scamp rose, which he did with a bound that placed him on his feet and in defensive posture as though the deck had been a springboard, Kirkwood leaped back, seized a capstan bar and faced him with a challenge.

"Stand clear, Stryker!" he warned the man tensely, himself livid with rage. "If you move a step closer I swear I'll knock the head off your shoulders! Not another inch, you contemptible wheip, or I'll brain you! That's better," he continued as the captain, caving, dropped his fists and moved uneasily back. "Now give that boatman money for taking me ashore. Yes, I'm going, and if we ever meet again take the other side of the way, Stryker!"

Without response, a grim smile wreathing his thin, hard lips, Stryker thrust one hand into his pocket and, withdrawing a coin, tossed it to the

With a dexterous twist laid him flat on his back.

waiting boatman, whereupon Kirkwood backed warily to the rail, abandoned the capstan bar and dropped over the side.

Nodding to the boatman, "The Steen landing—quickly," he said in French.

Stryker, recovering, advanced to the rail and waved him a derisive bon voyage.

"By-by, yer hexcellency. I 'ope it may soon be my pleasure to meet you again. You've been a real privilege to know. I've benjayed yer comp'ny somethin' immense. Don't know as I ever met such a rippin', ay No. 1, all round, entertynin' ass afore!"

Rapidly as he was ferried across the busy Scheldt, the white blaze of Kirkwood's passion cooled, but the biting irony of his estate ate, corrosive, into his soul. Hollow eyed he glared vacantly into space, pale lips unmoving, bitterbitter wasted with despair.

They came to the landing stage and swung broadside on. Mechanically the American got up and disembarked. As heedless of time and place he moved up the quay to the gangway and so gained the esplanade, where, pausing, he thrust a trembling hand into his trouser's pocket.

The hand reappeared, displaying in its outspread palm three big, round, brown, British pennies. Staring down at them, Kirkwood's lips moved.

"Bedrock!" he whispered huskily.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITHOUT warning or presage the still evening air was smitten and made softly musical by the pealing of a distant chime calling vespers to the burghers in Antwerp's hundred belfries. Like the beating of a mighty heart heard through the rushing clamor of the pulses, a single deep throated bell boomed solemnly six heavy, rumbling strokes.

Six o'clock! Kirkwood roused out of his dour brooding. The Amsterdam express would leave at 6:32, and he knew not from what station.

Striding swiftly across the promenade, he entered a small tobacco shop and made inquiry of the proprietress. His command of French was scanty.

In shooting to kill a criminal, it is notorious that they do not exercise the least precaution for the safety of the numerous spectators invariably gathered on the ground. A victim to enjoy the sight. They value life so cheap that should an innocent bystander be killed, the authorities do not even blink at it. At the most, the matter will be considered as settled upon payment to the relatives of the victim of head money.

Six slicing, broiling over fires, skinning alive, day-by-day gradual piercing by sharp stakes and other unappetizing methods of execution were too common in China formerly, but are slowly dying away with the advent of civilization.

One of the rarest sights, a heritage of the past, is the Punishment of the Cage. This is a cruel punishment, inasmuch as it is a lingering death. The condemned is placed within it, his hands bound, his neck surrounded by a board on which his chin rests in such a manner that whilst his head is thus raised, his feet only touch the ground. And there the poor victim has to remain, without food, and any kind of relief, until he is starved to death.

MEASURING TIME.

Primitive Man Had Strange Methods of Telling the Time.

Many and strange have been the methods adopted by primitive man for measuring time. His earliest method, says a writer in the New York Times Magazine, was to decide the time by the length and position of the shadow—a principle later worked out in the sun-dial. The phases of the moon divided periods and seasons.

The cave man, with awakening intelligence, developed an ingenious method of time telling through ropes of grass in which knots were tied at equal distances. He set fire to one end of the rope and crudely measured the time required in burning from one knot to another. The grass rope was a prehistoric ancestor of the "time candle," with its notches cut at regular intervals or with alternate black and white stripes.

When the time candle burned to the third notch it was time to feed the baby; at the fifth notch or stripe, the housewife put on the potatoes to boil for the evening meal; at the last notch the family went to bed—the most natural thing to do when the light failed.

In the thirteenth century there was invented the nearest approach to present-day clocks. The word "clock" is a derivation of "glocken" or "clochen"—bells, which struck the hours.

In 1504 a young locksmith in Nuremberg, while serving a term in prison, made the first watch. It was as big as a saucer and was manufactured of iron. Its accuracy, however, could not be relied on, for it lost an hour daily; but when the lost hour was an established fact, the owner could estimate time quite exactly. The night watchman carried these huge watches, and it was for this reason that they were given their name.

The next important invention in the progress toward the modern watch was a hairspring, so-called because it was fashioned out of a pig's bristle. The hairspring in modern watches is made of steel wire, so fine that it resembles a spider's web.

To compare the finest of a pig's bristle watch with the delicate mechanism of the twentieth century product, which, in a lady's wrist watch, has screws so infinitesimal that a thimble will hold 20,000. For one pound avoirdupois, 583,333 of these screws are required. But each has a bevelled gear, a slot and a spiral thread. Its weight is twelve one-thousandths of a grain. Present-day watches contain 211 pieces, one-third of which are screws.

FAMOUS HUMAN FREAKS.

Siamese Twins Can Dance With One Partner Between the Two.

When it was found that one of the Siamese twins born in London a week or two ago was not likely to live, it was decided that surgeons might be able to perform the delicate operation of separating them. Unfortunately, both died before such an operation was performed.

This was the second instance of Siamese twins being born recently. A few weeks ago a Chinese woman at Hong-Kong gave birth to Siamese twins, both of whom are still living.

There have been instances of children joined together reaching maturity. Jane Couple, Chang and Eng were the fathers of twenty-two children between them. Discovered by a sea captain in Siam in 1811, and later exhibited at New York, they eventually married two sisters and became prosperous farmers.

Millie and Christine, two twin Negresses born in North Carolina in 1851, were perhaps the most famous Siamese twins. One had a soprano and the other a contralto voice, and they were known as "The Two-headed Nightingale."

A few years ago a dramatic situation was caused when Josepha Biasha, who was joined to her sister Rosa, became seriously ill. Rosa refused to allow the doctors to attempt to sever her from her dying sister, even when they finally announced all hope. Eventually both became unconscious and Rosa died within a few hours of her sister. Franz, Rosa's twenty-year-old son, insisted on the doctors obeying his mother's last wish not to be separated even when Josepha died.

Another pair of Siamese twins, Violet and Daisy Hilton, who live in San Antonio, Texas, are in all respects normal children except for the joining of their bodies. These girls, seventeen years old, can dance with one partner between the two, and enjoy many games in common. Surgeons hesitate to perform the only operation that would separate them, because they are certain that death would result.

New Terror for Criminals.

Brown finger-prints that appeared suddenly all over the back of a patient being treated with a certain solution and ultra-violet rays by Dr. M. A. Aronson, of New Jersey, caused much excitement.

They were Dr. Aaronson's own marks, and apparently he has accidentally found a new process for discovering and making as permanent as desired any finger-prints on a body, a find of great importance in criminology.

By this new method, the suspected flesh will be brushed with a secret solution and, on exposure to ultra-violet rays, the finger-prints will be revealed. Rubbing will not remove the marks. They can only be scrubbed off.

TORTURE IN CHINA.

Many and Varied Are the Punishments Meted Out by Law.

The Chinese are really ingenious in devising new ways of cruelty and torture, writes A. Bharathi in the Times of India. Recently a woman of the middle class was convicted of kidnapping the child of a rich man. She was tortured to death in the open. The spirit of the Chinese for the sufferings of his neighbor is what a foreigner cannot comprehend. When this woman was tortured and put to death, far from there being a wail, the numerous spectators were evidently enjoying the sight, making merry and laughing the while.

On account of the ever-spread prevalence of kidnapping the rich Chinese are always ill at ease, the more so if they have children. Certainly China leads the world in the number of kidnapping cases, minor children mostly, and holding them up for ransom which, if not forthcoming, leads to the innocent children being killed after torture. Kidnapping is, perhaps, the only crime in which women figure prominently.

In Mongolia one of the common-est punishments is confinement in a wooden cell, the only access to which is a small window for the purpose of ventilation and providing the prisoner with food. There is hardly any room in it for the victim to sit or stand comfortably, and the confinement lasts until the inmate either perishes or is rescued by the orders of lamas.

Manchurian banditry has given an impetus to the invention of a beheading device, especially designed to bring modern efficiency into the head-lopping industry. It is like a tobacco-slicer, with the victim playing the part of the plug tobacco. By operating a lever any headsman, however unskilled, can do a neat and rapid job.

While no attempt is being made to make use of electricity in the disposal of condemned criminals, the use of rifles and revolvers seems to find favor with the younger generation of military officers.

In shooting to kill a criminal, it is notorious that they do not exercise the least precaution for the safety of the numerous spectators invariably gathered on the ground. And there the poor victim has to remain, without food, and any kind of relief, until he is starved to death.

PROF. BRUCHESI.

Youngest Canadian Intellectual Appointed to University of Montreal.

The youngest intellectual in the Canadian colony in Paris in the person of Jean Bruchesi has just been appointed professor of general and political history at the University of Montreal.

Jean appeared on the Paris horizon in July, 1923, as an attache with Senator Beaubien's mission and immediately made his personality felt by digging up the various members of it to early morning mass. Happily he was so nice about it he escaped the insults which threatened at the moment and by his modesty and the charm of his speeches in several of the cities on the tour, he became a very popular member of the personnel.

The Quebec Government must have heard about it from the Senator, because on Jean Bruchesi's return home he received a three years' scholarship in Paris and it must be admitted that he has justified the Honorable Athanese David's confidence in him.

Few young men have been so well endowed by family and with intellectual capacity as Jean Bruchesi has been. What few people know, however, is that the first Bruchesi came to Canada in 1760 as an Officer in the British army. What every knows is that Jean's uncle is the Archbishop of Montreal. His great grandfather on his mother's side was Mr. Viger, a sheriff of Montreal who was imprisoned in 1839 as a result of the rebellion. Jean is more peaceful but at the same time more effective when he is in opposition.

After securing his B.A. with honors he attended the law school of the University of Montreal, graduating with the same success and was admitted to the Bar in July, 1924.

During his undergraduate days he published his first book of short-poems which was so well received that the Society of Poets of Quebec elected him their vice-president.

Throughout his sojourn in Paris he has been very active in literary circles including among his close friends Mgr. Baudrillart of the Academie Francaise, Henry Bordeaux, Rene Bazin, Georges Goyau and of course Cardinal Dubois during 1927, a conference alone he gave over fifty in the leading cities of France. Before his departure he has been received in personal audience by His Holiness Pope Pius XI., who discussed very sympathetically the public spirit of the Bruchesi family.

The group, however, which will miss him most is the Association des Etudiants Canadiens de Paris of which he was the president. Because of his fluency in the English language and his keen understanding of the point of view of those students from other provinces than Quebec he built a Dominion spirit among them which made their reunions in the Rue de Chevreuse very harmonious and very enjoyable.

It is safe to assume, says the Toronto Star Weekly, that if given the chance in his new sphere of endeavor he will try to bring about a closer rapprochement between the Canadian universities thus following in the footsteps of Prof. Edward Montpetit, Jean Charbier and others of that small group of Quebec intellectuals who are as much at home in English as in French literature and history.

Birth of the Mind.

Why can a colt or a calf follow the herd at twenty minutes after birth, while the human infant is unable to walk until it is ten or twelve months old?

The new-born guinea-pig seems quite at home in the world, while the rat is absolutely helpless at birth.

These questions were discussed by Dr. Louis Casamajor in a recent address on "The Nervous System."

In mammals, he explained, the various ways of the nervous system do not develop at the same time. Some of these tracts appear to be fully developed long before the birth of the animal, others may not develop until after birth.

When the fibre tracts in the central nervous system are completely developed, each fibre is surrounded by a sheath of specialized fatty substance called myelin. Investigators have found that the guinea-pig, which seems able to take care of itself at birth, has a full complement of myelin when born, but the rat, which has no reaction at birth, has no myelin in its central nervous system.

Alas, Poor Beethoven!

Ludwig Von Beethoven, the great composer, the centenary of whose death is being observed this year, was stone deaf when he wrote some of his greatest compositions. In the house at Bonn, Germany, in which he was born, are displayed some extraordinary exhibits in the shape of ear trumpets, which the great musical genius resorted to in the years in which his precious hearing was approaching complete eclipse. Contrast these crude devices with the audiphone, lately perfected by Bell Telephone engineers, and which employ a small microphone, vacuum tube amplifiers, and a tiny telephone receiver molded to fit the ear. This product of Bell System research has proved a great boon in recent months to thousands afflicted with deafness, and one cannot but wonder what still greater triumphs Beethoven might have achieved had such a device been available in his day.

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The Black Bag

(Continued from page 5)

pile of the cathedral rising on his right, hotels and quaint old world dwellings with peaked roofs and gables and dormer windows inclosing the other sides of the square. The chimes he could hear none but those of the cathedral were heralding the hour of seven. Listless and preoccupied in contemplation of his wretched case, he wandered purposelessly half round the square, then dropped into a bench on its outskirts.

It was some time later that he noticed, with a casual, indifferent eye, a porter running out of the Hotel de Flandre, directly opposite, and calling a fiacre in to the carriage block.

As languidly he watched a woman, very thoroughly dressed, follow the porter down to the curb.

The fiacre swung in, and the woman dismissed the porter before entering the vehicle, a proceeding so unusual that it fired the onlooker's interest. He sat rigid with attention. The woman seemed to be giving explicit and lengthy directions to the driver, who nodded and gesticulated his comprehension.

The woman was Mrs. Hallam.

The first blush of recognition passed, leaving Kirkwood without any amazement. It was an easy matter to account for her being where she was. Thrown off the scent by Kirkwood at Sheerness the previous morning, she had missed the day boat, the same which had ferried over the man whom she pursued. Returning from Sheerness to Queensborough, however, she had taken the night boat for Flushing and Antwerp, and not without her plan. She was not a woman to waste her strength aimlessly. Kirkwood believed that she had had from the first a very definite campaign in view. In that campaign Queensborough pier had been the first strategic move, the journey to Antwerp, apparently, the second, and the American was impressed that he was witnessing the inception of the third decided step. The conclusion of this process of reasoning was inevitable—madam would bear watching.

Thus was a magical transformation brought about. Instantaneously lassitude and vain repinings were replaced by hopefulness and energy. In a twinkling the young man was on his feet, every nerve a-thrill with excitement.

Mrs. Hallam, blissfully ignorant of this surveillance over her movements, took her place in the fiacre. The driver cracked his horse, cracked his whip and started off at a slow trot—a pace which Kirkwood imitated, keeping himself at a discreet distance in the rear of the cab, but prepared to break into a run whenever it should prove necessary.

Such exertion, however, was not required of him. Evidently Mrs. Hallam was in no great haste to reach her destination. The speed of the fiacre remained extremely moderate, and Kirkwood found a long, brisk stride fast enough to keep it well in sight.

Round the green square, under the beautiful walls of Notre Dame d'Anvers, through Grande place and past the Hotel de Ville the cab proceeded, dogged by what might plausibly be asserted the most persistent and infatuated soul that ever crossed the water, and so on into the Van Dyck quay, turning to the left at the old Steen dungeon and, slowing to a walk, moving soberly up the drive.

Beyond the lip of the embankment the Scheldt flowed, its broad, shining surface oily, smooth and dark, a mirror for the incandescent glory of the skies. The life of the river was gone, and at their moorings the ships swung in great quietness, riding lights glimmering like low, wan stars.

Of the company of the latter the young man marked down the Alethea, a sight which made him unconsciously clinch both fists and teeth, reminding him of that rare wag, Stryker.

To the way of thinking the behavior of the fiacre was quite unaccountable. Hardly had the horse paced off the length of two blocks on the quay ere it was guided to the edge of the promenade and brought to a stand. And the driver twisted the reins round his whip, thrust the latter in its socket, turned sidewise on the box and began to smoke and swing his heels, surveying the panorama of river and sunset with complacency—a calling one would venture, without a care in the world and serene in the assurance of a generous tip when he lost his fare. But, as for the latter, she made no move. The door of the cab remained closed—like its occupant's mind, a mystery to the watcher.

Twilight shadows lengthened, darkling, over the land. Street lights flashed up one long, radiant ranks and still the fiacre lingered in inaction; still the driver perched it aloft in carefree abandon.

In the course of time this inertia where he had looked for action, this dull suspense when he had forecast interesting developments, wore upon the watcher's nerves and made him at once impatient and suspicious. Now that he had begun to doubt he conceived it as quite possible that Mrs. Hallam, who was capable of anything, should have stolen out of the cab by the other and to him invisible door. To reserve the matter finally to her advantage of the darkness, turned up his coat collar, hunched up his shoulders, hid his hands in pockets, pulled the visor of his cap well forward over his eyes and slouched past the fiacre.

Mrs. Hallam sat within. He could see her profile clearly silhouetted against the light. She was bending forward and staring fixedly out of the window across the driveway. Mentally he calculated the direction of her gaze, then moved away and followed it with his own eyes and found himself staring at the facade of a third rate hotel. Above the roof the gilded letters of a sign, catching the illumination from below, spelled out the title of "Hotel du Commerce."

Mrs. Hallam was interested in the Hotel du Commerce?

Thoughtfully Kirkwood fell back to his former point of observation, now the richer by another object of suspicion, the hostelry. Mrs. Hallam was waiting and watching for some one to enter or to leave that establishment. It seemed a reasonable inference to draw. Well, then, so was Kirkwood no less than the lady. He deemed it quite conceivable that their objects were identical.

He started to beguile the time by wondering what she would do if—

Of a sudden he abandoned this line of speculation and, catching his breath, held it, almost afraid to credit the truth that for once his anticipations were being realized under his very eyes.

Against the lighted doorway of the Hotel du Commerce the figure of two men were momentarily sketched as they came hurriedly forth, and of the two one was short and stout and even at a distance seemed to bear himself with an accent of assertiveness, while the other was tall and heavy of shoulder.

Side by side they marched in step across the embankment to the head of the quay gangway, descending without pause to the landing stage. Kirkwood, hanging breathlessly over the guard rail, could hear their footfalls ringing in hollow rhythm on the planks of the inclined way, could even discern Calendar's unlovely profile in dim relief beneath one of the waterside lights, and he recognized unmistakably Mulready's deep voice, grumbling inarticulately.

At the outset he had set after them with intent to accost Calendar, but their pace had been swift and his irresolute. He hung fire on the issue, dreading to reveal himself, unable to decide which were the better course—to pursue the men or to wait and discover what Mrs. Hallam was about. In the end he waited and had his disappointment for recompense.

For Mrs. Hallam did nothing intelligible. Had she driven over to the no-

Kirkwood kept at a discreet distance.

tel hard upon the departure of the men he would have believed that she was seeking Dorothy and would, furthermore, have elected to crowd their interview if she succeeded in obtaining one with the girl. But she did nothing of the sort. For a time the fiacre remained as it had been ever since stopping; then, evidently admonished by his fare, the driver straightened up, knocked out his pipe, disentangled reins and whip and wheeled the equipage back on the way it had come, disappearing in a dark side street leading eastward from the embankment.

Kirkwood was, then, to believe that Mrs. Hallam, having taken all that trouble and having waited for the two

adventurers to appear, had been content with sight of them. He could hardly believe that of the woman. It wasn't like her.

He started across the embankment after the fiacre, but it was lost in a tangle of side streets before he could make up his mind whether it was worth while chasing or not, and, pondering the woman's singular action, he retraced his steps to the promenade rail.

Presently he told himself he understood. Dorothy was no longer of her father's party. He had a suspicion that Mulready's attitude had made it seem advisable to Calendar either to leave the girl behind in England or to segregate her from his associates in Antwerp. If not lodged in another quarter of the city or left behind she was probably traveling on ahead to a destination which he could by no means guess. And Mrs. Hallam was looking for the girl. If there were really jewels in that gladstone bag Calendar would naturally have had no hesitation about intrusting them to his daughter's care, and Mrs. Hallam avowedly sought nothing else. How the woman had found out that such was the case Kirkwood did not stop to reckon unless he explained it on the proposition that she was a person of remarkable address. It made no matter one way or the other. He had lost Mrs. Hallam, but Calendar and Mulready he could put his finger on. They had undoubtedly gone off to the Alethea to confer again with Stryker—that was, unless they proposed sailing on the brigantine, possibly at turn of tide that night.

Panic gripped his soul and shook it, as a terrier shakes a rat, when he conceived this frightful proposition.

In his confusion of mind he evolved spontaneously an entirely new hypothesis—Dorothy had already been spirited aboard the vessel; Calendar and his confederates, delaying to join her from enigmatic motives, were now aboard, and presently the word would be, Up anchor and away!

Were they again to elude him? Not, he swore, if he had to swim for it. And he had no wish to swim. The clothes he stood in, with what was left of his self respect, were all that he could call his own on that side of the North sea. Not a boatman on the Scheldt would so much as consider accepting three English pennies in exchange for boat hire. In brief, it began to look as if he were either to swim or to steal a boat.

Upon such slender threads of circumstance depends our boasted moral health. Kirkwood's conception of the law of mine and thine, its foundations already insidiously undermined by a series of cumulative misfortunes, toppled crashing to its end and was no.

He was wholly unconscious of the change. Beneath him, in a space between the quays bridged by the gangway, a number of rowboats, a putative score, lay moored for the night in gently rubbing against each other with the soundless lift and fall of the river. For all that Kirkwood could determine to the contrary, the lot lay at the mercy of the first comer. Somewhat was he able to discern a watchman.

Without a quiver of hesitation—moments were invaluable, if what he feared were true—he strode up the gangway, passed over it and with absolute nonchalance dropped into the nearest boat, stepping from one to another until he had gained the outermost. To his joy he found a pair of oars stowed beneath the thwarts.

CHAPTER XX.

If Kirkwood had paused to moralize upon the delivery, he would have laid it all at the door of his lucky star and would have been wrong. We who have never stooped to petty larceny know that the oars had been placed there at the direction of his evil genius bent upon facilitating his descent into the avernus of crime.

Unhitching the painter, he set one oar against the gunwale of the boat and with a powerful thrust sent his own fleet us so call it for convenience's stern first out upon the river, then sat him composedly down, fitted the oars to their locks and began to pull straight across stream, trusting to the current to carry him down to the Alethea. He had already marked down that vessel's riding light and that not without a glow of gratitude to see it still aloft and in proper juxtaposition to the river bank, proof that it had not moved.

He pulled a good oar, reckoned his distance prettily and, shipping the blades at just the right moment, brought the little boat in under the brigantine's counter with scarce a jar. An element of surprise he held essential to the success of his plan, what ever that might turn out to be.

Standing up, he caught the brigantine's after rail with both hands, one of which held the painter of the purloined boat, and lifted his head above the deck line. A short survey of the deserted after deck gave him further assurance. The anchor watch was not in sight. He may have been keeping well forward by Stryker's instructions, or he may have crept off for forty winks. Whatever the reason for his absence from the post of duty, Kirkwood was relieved not to have him to deal with and, drawing himself gently in over the rail, made the painter fast and stepped noiselessly over toward the lighted oblong of the companionway. A murmur of voices from below comforted him with the knowledge that he had not miscalculated the time. At last he stood within striking distance of his quarry.

The syllables of his surname ringing clearly in his ears and followed by Stryker's deeper laugh brought him to a pause. He flushed hotly in the darkness. The captain was retailing with relish some of his most successful witticisms at Kirkwood's expense.

Mulready chimed in with him, if a little uncertainly. Calendar's chuckle was not audible, but he broke the pause that followed.

"I don't know," he said with doubting emphasis. "You say you landed him without a penny in his pocket? Don't call that a good plan at all. Of course he ain't a factor, but—well, it might 've been as well to give him his fare home. He might make trouble for us somehow. I don't mind telling you, cap'n, that you're an ass, personally I'm kind of sorry for the boy. He wasn't a bad sort, as his kind runs, and he was no fool, from what little I saw of him. I wonder what he wanted of—"

"Possibly," Mulready chimed in suavely, "you can explain what you wanted of him in the first place. How did you come to drag him into this business?"

"Oh, that!" Calendar laughed shortly. "That was partly accident, partly inspiration. I happened to see his name on the Pless register. He'd put up at the same hotel in Frisco. I figured it out that he would be next door to broke and getting desperate, ready to do anything to get home, and thought we might enlist him to smuggle some of the stuff into the States. Once before, if you'll remember—no, that was before we got together, Mulready—I picked up a fellow countryman on that line, and it was all cut and dried, jumped at the job, and we made a neat little wad on it."

"The more fool you to take outsiders into your confidence," grumbled Mulready.

"Ow?" interrogated Calendar, mimicking Stryker's accent infinitably. "Well, you've got a heap to learn about this game, Mul. About the first thing is that you must trust old man Know-it-all, which is me. I've run more diamonds into the States in one way or another in my time than you ever pinched out of the shirt front of a toff on the Empire prom before dinner, made the graft too hot for you and you came to take lessons from me in the gentle art of living easy."

"Oh, cut that, cawn't you?"

"Delighted, dear boy. One of the first principles, next to profiting by the admirable example I set you, is to make the fellows in your own line trust you. Now, if this boy had taken on with me I could have got a bunch of the sparklers on my mere say-so from old Moonglow, up on Hatton garden. He does a steady business hoodwinking the customs for the benefit of his American clients—and himself. And I'd 've made a neat little profit besides, allowing the fall back on if this fell through. I don't mind having two strings to my bow."

"Yes," argued Mulready, "but suppose this Kirkwood had taken on with you and then peached."

"That's another secret. You've got to know your man, be able to size him up. I called on this chap for that very purpose, but I saw at a glance he wasn't our man. He smelled a nigger in the wood pile and most politely told me to go to the devil. But if he had come in he'd have died before he squealed. I know the breed. There's honor among gentlemen that knocks the honor of thieves higher'n a kite, the old saw to the contrary—nothing doing. You understand me, I'm sure, Mulready," he concluded, with envenomed sweetness.

"I don't see yet how Kirkwood got anything to do with Dorothy."

"Miss Calendar to you, Mr. Mulready!" snapped Calendar. "There, there, now! Don't get excited. It was when the Hallam passed me word that a man from the Yard was waiting on the altar steps for me that Kirkwood came in. He was dining close by. I went over and worked on his feelings until he agreed to take Dorothy off my hands. If I had attempted to leave the place with her they'd have spotted me for sure. My compliments to you, Dick Mulready."

There came the noise of chair legs scraped harshly on the cabin deck. Apparently Mulready had leaped to his feet in a rage.

"I've told you"—he began in a voice thick with passion.

"Oh, sit down!" Calendar cut in contemptuously. "Sit down! D'you hear? That's all over and done with. We understand each other now, and you won't try any more monkey shines. It's a square deal and a square divide so far's I'm concerned. If we stick together there'll be profit enough for all concerned. Sit down, Mul, and have another slug of the captain's bum rum."

Although Mulready consented to the pacific Kirkwood got the impression that the man was far gone in drink. A moment later he heard him growl "Chin-chin!" antiphonal to the captain's "Cheer-o!"

"Now, then," Calendar proposed. "Mr. Kirkwood aside—peace be with him—let's get down to cases."

"Wot's the row?" asked the captain.

"The row, cap'n, is the Hallam female, who has unexpectedly shown up in Antwerp—we have reason to believe, with malicious intent and a private detective to add to the gayety of nations."

"Wot's the odds? She can't 'urt us without lyin' up trouble for 'erself."

"Mighty little consolation to us when we're working it out in jail."

"Speak for yourself," grunted Mulready surlily.

"I do," returned Calendar easily. "We're both in the shadow of jail, Mul, my boy, since you chose to take the reference as personal. Sing Sing, however, yawns for me alone. It's going to keep on yawning, too, unless I miss my guess. I love my native land most to death, but—"

"Ow, blow that!" interrupted the captain irritably. "Let's 'ear about the 'Allam. Wot're you afryd of?"

"Fraid she'll set up a yell when she finds out we're planting the loot, cap'n. She's just that vindictive. You'd think she'd be satisfied with her end of the stick, but you don't know the Hallam. Tant mlik and water offspring of hers is the apple of her eye, and Freddie's going to collar the whole shooting match or madam will kick over the traces."

"Well?"

"Well, she's queered us here. We can't do anything if my lady is going to camp on our trail and tell everybody we're shady customers, can we? The question now before the board is, Where now—and how?"

"Amsterdam," Mulready chimed in. "I told you that in the beginning."

"But how?" argued Calendar. "The Lord knows I'm willing, but we can't go by rail, thanks to the Hallam. We've got to lose her first of all."

"But wot I'm arskin' is wot's the matter with'—

"The Alethea, cap'n? Nothing, so far as Dick and I are concerned. But my dutiful daughter is prejudiced. She's been so long without proper paternal discipline," Calendar laughed, "that she's rather high spirited. Of course I might overcome her objections, but the girl's no fool, and every ounce of pressure I bring to bear just now only helps make her more restless and suspicious."

"You leave her to me," Mulready interposed, with a brutal laugh. "I'll guarantee to get her aboard or"—

"Drop it, Dick," Calendar advised quietly, "and go a bit easy with that bottle for five minutes, can't you?"

"Well, then," Stryker resumed, apparently concurring in Calendar's attitude, "why don't one of you take the stuff, go off quiet an' dispose of it to a proper fence an' come back to divide. I don't see why that"—

"Naturally you wouldn't," chuckled Calendar. "Few people besides the two of us understand the depth of affection existing between Dick, here, and me. We just can't bear to get out of sight of each other. We're sure inseparable—since night before last. Odd, isn't it?"

"You drop it!" snarled Mulready in accents so ugly that the listener was startled. "Enough's enough, and"—

"There, there, Dick! All right. I'll behave," Calendar soothed him. "We'll forget and say no more about it."

"Well, see you don't!"

"But 'as either of you a plan?" persisted Stryker.

"I have," replied Mulready, "and it's the simplest and best, if you could only make this long lead parent here see it."

"Wot is it?"

Mulready seemed to ignore Calendar and address himself to the captain. He articulated with some difficulty, slurring his words to the point of indistinctness at times.

"Simple enough," he propounded solemnly. "We've got the gladstone bag here. Miss Dolly's at the hotel. That's her papa's bright notion. He thinks she's to be trusted. Now, then, what's the matter with weighing anchor and slipping down the river?"

"Leavin' the dootiful darter?"

"Cert'n'y. She's only a drag anyway. Better off without her. Then we can wait our time and get highest market prices."

"You forget, Dick," Calendar put it, "that there's a thousand in it for each of us if she's kept out of England for six weeks. A thousand's five thousand in the land I think from. I can use five thousand in my business."

"Why can't you be content with what you've got?" demanded Mulready, wrathfully.

"Because I'm a seventh son of a seventh son. I can see an inch or two beyond my nose. If Dorothy ever finds her way back to England she'll spoil one of the finest fields of legitimate graft I ever licked my lips to look at. The trouble with you, Mul, is you're too high toned. You want to play the swell mobsman from post to finish. A quick touch and a clean getaway for yours. Now, that's all right—that has its good points—but you don't want to underestimate the advantages of a good blackmailing connection. If I can keep Dorothy under cover long enough I look to the Hallam and precious Freddie to be a great comfort to me in my old age."

"Then, for heaven's sake," cried Mulready, "go to the hotel, get your brat by the scruff of her pretty neck and drag her aboard! Let's get out of this!"

"I won't," returned Calendar inflexibly.

The dispute continued, but the listener had heard enough. Stealthily he crept away to the rail, to stand grasping it and staring across the water with unseeing eyes at the grey old city twinkling back with her thousand eyes of light.

Over there, across the water, in the dingy and disreputable Hotel du Commerce, Dorothy waited for her room, doubtless the prey of unnumbered nameless terrors, while aboard the brigantine her fate was being decided by a council of three unspeakable scoundrels, one of whom, professing himself her father, openly declared his intention of using her to further his selfish and criminal ends.

His first and natural thought—to steal away to her and induce her to accompany him back to England—Kirkwood perforce discarded. He could have kept over the realization of his unqualified impotency. He had no money, not even the fare from the hotel to the railway station. Something subtler, more crafty, had to be contrived to meet the emergency. And there was one way, one only. He could see none other. Desperately he must make himself one of the company of her enemies, force himself upon them, ingratiate himself into their good graces, gain their confidence, then play the opportunity offered betray them. And the power to make them tolerate him, if not receive him as a fellow, the knowledge of them and their plans that they had unwittingly given him, was his.

And Dorothy was waiting.

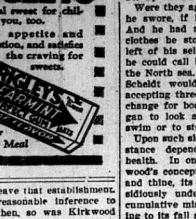
He swung round and without attempting to muffle his footfalls strode over the quarterdeck. He must pretend he had just come aboard.

Subconsciously he had been aware during his time of pondering that the voices in the cabin had been steadily raising in volume, growing louder and yet more loud, Mulready's ominous, brink blurred accents dominating the others. There was a quarrel afoot. As soon as he gave it heed Kirkwood understood that Mulready's overbearing mass of his inflamed brain was forcing the issue, while Calendar sought vainly to calm and soothe him.

The American arrived at the head of the companionway at a critical juncture. As he moved to descend some one, cool toned retort of Calendar's seemed to enrage his confederate beyond reason. He yelped aloud with fury, lurched to his feet, knocking over a chair, and, leaping back toward the foot of the steps, flashed an adroit hand behind him and found his revolver.

"I've stood enough from you!" he screamed, his voice oddly clear in that moment of insanity. "You've played with me as long as you will, you hulking American hog! And now I'm going to show"—

As he held his fire to permit his denunciation to bite home Kirkwood, appalled to find himself standing on the breakfast table, had launched himself together and launched through the air, straight for the madman's shoul-



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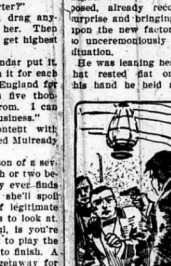

Kirkwood was tingling with a sense of mastery.

ders. As they went down together sprawling Mulready's held struck against a ransom, and the revolver fell from his limp fingers.

CHAPTER XXI.

Prepared as he had been for the shock, Kirkwood was able to pick himself up quickly, uninjured, Mulready's revolver in his grasp.

On his feet, straddling Mulready's insentient body, he confronted Calendar and Stryker. The face of the latter was a sickly green, the gift of his fright. The former seemed coldly composed, already recovering from his surprise and bringing his wits to bear upon the new factor which had been so unceremoniously injected into the situation.

He was leaning heavily upon a han hat rested flat on the table. In his hand he held a revolver, which he had apparently drawn in self defense at the crisis of Mulready's frenzy. Its muzzle was deflected. He looked Kirkwood over with a cool gray eye, the color gradually returning to his fat, clean shaven cheeks, replacing the pardonable pallor which had momentarily rested thereon.

As for Kirkwood, he had covered the fat adventurer before he knew it. Stryker, who had been standing immediately in the rear of Calendar, immediately cowered and cringed to find himself in the line of fire.

Of the three conscious men in the brigantine's cabin Calendar was probably the least confused or excited. Stryker was palpably unmanned. Kirkwood was tingling with a sense of mastery, but collected and rapidly revolving the combinations for the reversed conditions which had been brought about by Mulready's drunken folly. His elation was apparent in his shining boyish eyes as well as in the pricil color that glowed in his cheeks. When he decided to speak, it was with cold enunciation, but clearly and concisely.

To be Continued.

The Life of a Watch.

The lifetime of a good watch is fifty years. In its daily duties the balance and hairspring vibrate 18,000 times every hour, or more than 157,000,000 times a year, while an equal number of ticks come from the escapement.

Banking In England.

A new bank is opened for business every week-day in England. About 200 have already been opened this year, and the annual average for the past seven years looks like working out at about 270.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

Government Maintains Two Classes of Educational Institutions.

The Government of British India maintains two classes of educational institutions. First, those in which the course of instruction conforms to the standard prescribed by the Department of Public Instruction or by the universities, and secondly, those that do not fulfil these conditions, and are called private schools. The foundation of the public school system is the primary school, which aims at teaching in native language, elementary knowledge. Above these are the secondary schools in which a scholar is prepared for matriculation or school-leaving certificate. These schools use either the English language or the vernacular. Next higher are the colleges on which students follow courses leading to degrees. The colleges are affiliated to the five Universities of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, the Punjab and Allahabad. A new Hindu University has been established at Benares and another at Patna. A university for the Mysore States has also been created.

There are in addition various other institutions such as technical schools teaching arts and industries, engineering, etc., law schools, medical schools and colleges; and normal schools for training teachers. A system of scholarships exist by which it is possible for a boy to pass from the village school to the university.

In 1921 the state institutions of education numbered 206,000, and the scholars 8,277,000, including 1,413,000 females. During the year the expenditure on education amounted to the enormous sum of £75,000,000.

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E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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PRINCESS SECURES RECORD MOOSE HEAD

Prince Michel and Princess Sturdza, of the Rumanian legation, Washington, with their big game trophies secured during a hunt on the borders of Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada. Princess Sturdza is shown holding the record moose head, with a spread of sixty-one inches, the largest ever taken by a woman and one of the record heads for that district. The party also secured fine heads of which are shown in the photograph, and intend returning another year to hunt grizzlies.—Canadian National Railways photo.

"Lord Nelson" at Halifax Among Dominion's Finest

Upper—Two scenes in the Public Gardens, where the new hotel is to be located. Lower—As the "Lord Nelson" will appear when completed.

Wide interest has been created by the recent announcement that Halifax is to be provided with one of the finest hotels in the Dominion. The project met with instant approval and financial backing, those materially interested realizing the city's need for such an institution in view of Nova Scotia's historic, scenic and recreational advantages.

That the new "Lord Nelson Hotel," as it will be known, is solidly supported on a business basis, as well as on grounds of civic pride, is shown by the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway has secured over a half interest in the project, which Company's hotels are notable among the leading chains. This Company will direct to a large extent the management of the hotel. According to E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific, the present conditions in Halifax and the Provinces of Nova Scotia, in every way justify the building of the "Lord Nelson."

The new hotel will be in keeping with the historical charm of Nova Scotia, the name itself recalling an epic of British history. The building, from an architectural standpoint, will be carried out in Georgian style, the type of architecture prevalent in Lord Nelson's time. Trafalgar Day, October 21st, saw the first sod in its construction turned and work begun on a building that will be in keeping with the importance of Nova Scotia's capital.

The location of the "Lord Nelson" is one of the outstanding features of the new venture. It directly fronts the famous Public Gardens, the pride of the residents of Halifax. These Gardens cover many acres and are located in the heart of the city at the corner of Spring Garden Road and South Park Street. Around this paradise of flowers, radiate the North West Arm with the celebrated Waegwoltic Club, Point Pleasant Park, the station, harbor and business district of the city.

The Province of Nova Scotia has gained a wide reputation for scenic and historic attraction. Some idea of the increase in tourist traffic into this province is gathered from government reports that visitors last summer by rail and water increased 50 per cent over the summer season of 1926. Residents of Halifax feel that such an institution as the Lord Nelson, which will be opened in less than a year, will give further impetus to commercial and tourist traffic through this centre.

FLYING OPERATING THEATRES.

Fleet of Flying Ambulances to Be Constructed.

A fleet of flying ambulances that can be used as operating theatres of the sky have been designed by air experts, and are to be constructed for use in the Royal Air Force, says Tit-Bits.

The machines, which are intended for use in isolated outposts of the Empire, such as Iraq and the North-west Frontier of India, have accommodation for two stretcher cases, two attendants, and, if necessary, a surgeon.

The design of the airplanes is based on the Vickers-Napier ambulance machines which have been used with success in Iraq.

One of these craft won the friendship of a native chief; it was used to convey him from his home in the desert, where modern surgery was not available, to Basra, for an operation for appendicitis. The operation, which was an urgent one, saved his life.

The new flying ambulances will contain all surgical equipment which might be necessary in the event of it being decided to operate while a patient was being rushed to a base hospital at a speed of about two miles a minute. They will be fitted with two 450 h.p. Napier Lion engines, and it is intended that these shall be fitted with silencers as soon as an effective type has been evolved.

There will be on board a filter, to ensure a pure supply of water, tubes of oxygen, an ice chest, and a hand basin with taps leading from water storage tanks.

Large red crosses are painted on the sides and beneath the wings of all flying ambulances to prevent them from being attacked in time of war.

Money-Making.

"Some fellows enter on their life's work in the belief that the making of money is one of the most important factors in life," said Sir Maurice Craig, the famous neurologist, at Bedford School, England, recently. "Believe me, this is not so. Money is useful, but it is not the answer to life and never will be."

Bananas as Food.

Bananas are said to exceed nearly any other fruit or vegetable in food values. They contain 460 calories per pound, as compared with potatoes, 385; milk, 325; macaroni, cooked, 415.

ANIMALS "SEE RED"

Outbreak of Bad Temper, or of the Murder-Instinct, Occur Occasionally at London Zoo.

Many of the game birds at the London Zoo have to be "polled." Some years ago a male golden pheasant killed one of the hens; he penned her in a corner and pecked out her brains. As a punishment his right wing was clipped, so that the hen could get away from him when he "saw red."

An almost unbelievable case of murder occurred when a pair of geese were put into an enclosure containing two large ostriches. The newcomers promptly attacked the ostriches and after a pitched battle killed them both.

"Henry," the "widower" ostrich, in his time kicked three wives fatally. His original mate died a natural death, and he seemed, after her departure, to have an aversion to all the lady ostriches. When he had killed three, however, it was decided he had earned sufficient notoriety and so he was sent to mourn the original "Eliza" in solitude.

The Zoo was once the scene of a duel to the death. A small herd of American bison lived in the east paddock to the European aurochs, a member of the bison family, but larger than his American cousin.

There was a woman in the case, for the aurochs took a fancy to the wife of the American bison. One morning, at dawn, the aurochs charged the heavy door which separated him from his gigantic relative, and burst through.

The American animal accepted the challenge, and when the keepers came on duty they found him the winner, proudly pawing at his wife, while the intruder lay dead with scarcely a bone left whole in his body!

There was a pair of Polar bears before the time of the famous "Jack and Jane" bears," and the male in this instance was also called "Sam." His wife was a "nagger," and he tried that fine old punishment known as "ducking the scold." Each time his patience gave out he hustled her into the water and sat on her head, hoping by this method to point out to the nagging female the error of her ways. One day he sat on her head too long.

In the Insect House there are many battles among the big Italian land crabs. As a rule the damage is not great, for even if one of the crabs should have the misfortune to lose a leg, another soon grows.

Murder was committed on one occasion, however. Two big crabs had lived together for some months and they got on fairly well together, until the time came when one of them shed his "armor-plate."

His friend at once took a mean advantage, and next morning there was only one survivor in the cage. He looked rather tight about the waistcoat!

A strange outbreak of crime was responsible for the declination of the colony of Barbary apes at Gibraltar. The oldest male monkey, the patriarch of the colony, developed a mania for killing the females. In due course he was caught, and all his teeth were extracted.

Strange to say, this did not render him entirely helpless, for whenever he could entice a female to the edge of the cliff he threw her over!

In the end he had to be impalsoned, but it took the colony a long time to recover.

Some Old Places of Worship Have Private "Chamber of Horrors."

There has been some discussion lately about a very curious relic, which is preserved at St. Gregory's Church, Sudbury, England. This is the head of Simon of Sudbury, one of the statesmen-archbishops of the Middle Ages, who was executed without trial by rioters during Wat Tyler's Rebellion.

It has been suggested that, as the archbishop's body is buried at Canterbury, the head might be removed there and placed beside it. Sudbury, however, is proud of its relic and is unlikely to consent to losing it.

A similar relic, which used to be the principal treasure of one of the old City churches in London, was the mummified head of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, the father of Lady Jane Grey. Like his daughter, the ill-fated "nine days' Queen," Suffolk was beheaded, and his head found its way to the Church of Holy Trinity, Minories.

Relics of this nature always have a curious attraction. One of the most popular corners of the fascinating London Museum is that in which the old cells from Newgate have been recreated.

Another interesting link with the past in this museum is the waistcoat which Charles I. were on the day of his execution.

CANADA'S FUEL PROBLEM.

Syndicate Plans to Operate Plant to Make Gas and Oil from Coal.

Investigation into means of solving Canada's fuel problem is following varied and numerous lines and occupying the best minds not alone in Canada but also in the British Isles. An English syndicate, said to be closely associated with the British Government, whose primary object is to make the whole British Empire free from dependence on foreign sources for supplies of fuel and illuminating oils, is at present energetically looking into the Canadian field. It claims to be able to render Canada independent of imported coals and oils by submitting the Dominion's soft coals and lignite to a patented process and producing fuel for domestic and industrial purposes by removing the gas and oils, says Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada. The syndicate, which is already operating two plants in England, declares its intention of operating similar plants in Canada, either themselves or in association with Canadians.

In the first six months of 1927, Canada produced 8,424,621 tons of coal valued at $35,695,418, as compared with 6,895,813 tons worth $25,312,598 in the first half of 1926, an increase for the present year of 17.3 per cent. To this total, Nova Scotia contributed 3,572,122 tons; Alberta, 3,170,551 tons; British Columbia, 1,378,950 tons; Saskatchewan, 190,398 tons; and New Brunswick, 110,510 tons. Total imports of coal in the first half of 1927 were 9,578,479 tons. Great Britain contributed 879,679 tons of anthracite and 45,323 tons of bituminous, and the United States 1,469,534 tons of anthracite and 7,759,453 tons of bituminous.

PARROTS.

In the Dark Ages Were Used to Delude Superstitious Folk.

Next to canaries, parrots are the "best sellers" in the London bird trade. Search the live stock department of any London store and you will find scores of green Amazon and grey parrots.

They live long—sixty years on an average—with but little care, and there is always a demand for them, says an expert.

In West Africa and places where parrots abound catching and training them is a regular trade. A few are taken from the nest, but the majority are snared.

Parrots have a weakness for the seed of the cotton tree, which intoxicates them and gives them an easy prey to the cunning catcher.

Few parrot owners are aware that their pets' beak is different from that of other birds. The upper mandible is fixed to the rest of the skull. This enables the parrot to assist itself from point to point by means of its beak.

Another peculiarity of the parrot is that it can contract the pupil of its eye without the influence of light or emotion. Examine a bird you may be told in the shop, neither this peculiarity nor the color of the eye has any connection with the bird's sex. The bird's color grows deeper in tint with age.

Though they may appear clever, parrots, of course, understand not a single word of what they say.

In the Dark Ages, however, they were used to delude superstitious folk. An hundred gold pieces, we are solemnly told, for a bird that could repeat correctly the Apostles' Creed.

"Sun" Sent to Tropics.

A machine fifty feet long and weighing thirty tons, whose function is to replace the sun, has just been shipped from Old County to a large tea estate in the tropics.

Heat from the sun has hitherto been regarded as indispensable to the successful manufacture of tea, but the sunshine, even in the tropics, is too inconstant to enable tea-planters to keep pace with the world-wide demand for their product.

Consequently, British engineers have devised machinery which empodies a new process of withering the green tea leaf. This "witherer" will be erected on a tea-planting estate in Ceylon, 6,000 feet above sea level, and will make the producers entirely independent of the weather.

A natural wither by the sun's rays takes twenty hours, but with this new machine the process can be carried out in thirty minutes with equally good results.

Alberta's Coal Wealth.

Alberta's potential coal wealth is greater than all the known coal deposits in the rest of the British Empire put together, according to Sir Thomas Holland, chairman of the Empire Mining and Metallurgical Council. "If the present endeavors to change coal into a fluid fuel, capable of displacing petroleum and all its products, are successful, Canada will take rank with the United States as the world's provider of liquid fuel," he further stated.

Is the Sun Burning Out?

The sun is losing its incandescent gases at the rate of 255 million tons a minute. But thousands of millions of years must elapse before there is any possibility of the sun burning out, some of the giant stars lose their cases at a vastly quicker rate, but many centuries must pass before there will be the slightest decrease in their brightness.

Healthiest Country In the World.

Statistics go to prove New Zealand to be about the healthiest country in the world. The average expectation of life in that country for men is 62¾ years and for women 65 years. In England and Wales the figures are 56.58 years for men and 60.47 years for women.

Wealthy Apples for S. America.

British Columbia sent apples to South America this year.

After Thirty-Four Years.

Calling at a cottage in Seal, Kent, England, where an aged woman of ninety-two resides, two men gently introduced themselves as her sons who had gone to America thirty-four years ago. It was their first visit to the homeland.

Ants Are Destructive.

White ants are appallingly destructive, even great trees falling victims to them. In Australia they will attack and demolish a large farmcart over night, leaving only the metal parts uneaten.

Marvelous Beaver Homes

The wonderful home which the beaver builds for himself forms the theme of the following article which appeared in the Boys Own Paper was written by Rev. G. Smithsenter, at one time Archdeacon of York Factory, Moosecone.

When I first went out to the Mission Field, he writes, I was the only missionary on the Northwestern shores of Hudson Bay, and had charge of four distinct classes of people, Eskimo, Cree, Chipewyan and Ojibway; and the parish had an area of about 400,000 square miles. The languages of the first three were totally distinct. I encountered many interesting episodes, and beautiful scenes, especially on the very long canoe journey of 800 miles from York Factory to Trout Lake, which occupied 24 days; but there was nothing so fascinating to me as the subject of this brief story.

It was during this 800 miles journey that I frequently came across beaver dams and houses or huts, and I was able to make a close study of them from personal observation, together with the information of my Indian guides. It is very interesting, I felt I must change the word instinct —or reason—for that of wisdom on the part of this clever fur-bearing animal.

First, I will describe the method of making the dam and rendering it solid. As a rule there are two who work together, a male and a female. They select a part of the stream or river from 10 to 20 yards wide, and not very deep. They appear also to have chosen a spot, where with a certain amount of ease they would be able to build their hut, and make a channel leading to it. Having selected a suitable part of the river, the first thing they do is to scoop up with their paws the mud and sand, gradually raising it until it attains the height of the water, or nearly so. This must of necessity involve a tremendous amount of labor, and take a long time. It is no exaggeration to state that in some places the beavers must have heaped up many tons of soil in making a dam. Sometimes out of curiosity, but more especially to add to our knowledge, we fathomed those parts above the dam, and found a depth of between four and eight feet, and rather deeper at the end where they were going to build their hut.

When the level of the water has been reached, the little creatures go up the river, walk up on the bank, and begin to cut down with their teeth the trees, and then proceed to bite off the branches. They also cut down willows of various sizes. The wood is then brought to the water, and in some cases the beavers guide it to a particular part of the dam, and place it in position. Some pieces are put in the river to find their own way to the mud bar, where further progress is checked. It should be noticed that the beavers never go down the river and tow the wood up stream. They have wisdom enough to understand that the task would become most difficult, if not impossible, when the river is running very swiftly.

When a certain amount of branches, twigs and willows have been placed against the dam the builders commence to gather mud and clay in their mouths, and fill in the open spaces. They then fetch more wood, and continue the same process until the barrier is high enough for their requirements. The latter part of the work is the most exceedingly laborious as they cover almost the whole with mud and clay from end to end. This forms a kind of concrete wall, but so strong and hard that it was sometimes difficult to break down a portion when it was necessary to make a water-way for our canoes to pass. Some people imagine this tail is used as a trowel, but from the evidence of my Red Indians this is not correct. Satisfied from a close observation that beavers can be distinctly seen using their front paws to place the mud and slime in the crevices, then arrange the several layers and smooth all the parts in the same way. There is a suspicion, but of this we are not quite certain, that the little creatures use their chins also in the process of rendering all the parts of the dam and hut perfectly even and smooth.

Ex-Officers for British Columbia.

A migration scheme under which ex-officers of the late war, and ex-non-commissioned officers of the British Forces are to be settled in British Columbia is being organized by the Overseas League, according to Sir Henry Craik, M.P., member of the League Council.

American Tourist Traffic.

A recent report issued by the Secretary of Commerce of the United States Government at Washington estimated the American tourist traffic into Canada as representing $200,000,000 of the $761,000,000 spent by Americans in foreign countries for the year.

New Scallop Beds.

Two new scallop beds have been discovered off the coast of Nova Scotia, near Digby. It is stated that they are the largest yet discovered in the waters off the coast of this province.

SLAVERY IN SIERRA LEONE

On Advice of British Government Legislative Council Passes Law Freeing 220,000 Slaves.

No great nation has so fine a record as regards slavery as Great Britain. Once again has the Government stepped into the breach and added another feather to its cap. The case in point arose in Sierra Leone where there is a British colony as well as a British protectorate extending far into the hinterland. In the colony, of course, no slavery existed.

Until recently the real authority of the protectorate has been exercised by the native chieftains, and the British Government interfered with them as little as possible. These chieftains claimed a right over slaves which is comparable to the old rights of sieguerus in feudal times, and unwisely, as it now appears, the British Government acquiesced in these claims, as the usually acquiesces in the native customs of the backward peoples whom she has been trying to lead into the light of civilization.

There are probably 220,000 of these slaves in the protectorate. Last year an ordinance was passed which provided that all persons brought into the protectorate were to be freed, and every person born there were likewise free. Moreover, when the owner of a slave died that slave became a free man. Another provision was that no claim for or in respect of any slave should be entertained by any of the courts in the protectorate. This meant that no compensation was to be paid to any chief in who lost possession of a slave, and the new ordinance meant that slavery was confined to the present generation of slaves and slave owners. Encouraged by this ordinance many of the slaves escaped and reached the colony of Sierra Leone where they were declared to be free. Some of them did not get clear of the protectorate, but fell into the hands of other chieftains. These chieftains might have been within their rights in declaring the slaves free, but being slave owners themselves they chose to take the part of the owner of the runaway slave and returned the victim to his master. One of these recaptured slaves is responsible for having brought the whole practice into the open.

He accused his master of assault and in the lower courts won his case. But it came finally to the Supreme Court of Sierra Leone, and two judges out of the three who heard the case, decided that "reasonable force" might be used to retake a runaway slave. The other judge dissented in strong words, saying, "Slavery is repugnant to natural judgment, equity and good conscience, and the court should not support the institution in any shape or form, whether the Legislature expressly forbids it or not."

The matter was not permitted to remain where the decision of the two judges left it, and on the advice of the British Government the Legislative Council of Sierra Leone, a new ordinance has been introduced, to become effective January 1, 1928. All slaves in the country will be free on that date.

Non-Migrating Salmon.

Prof. E. E. Prince, of the Canadian Fisheries Department at Ottawa, addressing the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Leeds, on the subject of "Canadian Landlocked Salmon," said that in contrast with salmon of Europe and Eastern Canadian rivers, landlocked salmon in certain lakes in New Brunswick and Quebec never migrated to the sea. It was an interesting fish, both from its permanent residence in fresh water and it great sporting qualities, although it was somewhat dwarfed in size, rarely exceeding 10 or 12 pounds in weight. The fish could migrate to sea, according to Prof. Prince, as the connecting rivers were short, but the abundance of food induced it to remain in the lakes.

Prof. Prince commented on the peculiar shape assumed by the male in the autumn of each season. He said it acquired an exaggerated lump on the body and its jaws became enlarged, giving the fish a most grotesque appearance.

Sober England.

England is more sober now than before the war. A blue book of Licensing statistics just published shows that last year the number of convictions for drunkenness was 67,123, against 148,477 in 1913. There was a decrease of 10.6 per cent. on 1925 figures. Part of this decrease, the report considers, must be attributed to the general trade depression. The spending power of the workers was reduced, and the police in many areas were too busy dealing with matters more serious than arrests for drunkenness.

Twenty Thousand Elk.

Reports from the Department of the Interior at Ottawa show that elk, recently almost extinct in Canada, has now increased to about 20,000, through the protective measures framed by the Government. These animals are distributed about as follows: Manitoba, 4,000; Saskatchewan, 5,000; Alberta, 4,000, and British Columbia, 6,000 to 7,000. About 3,000 of these elks are to be found in the national parks.

Prince's Wonder Farm.

The farm which is now being recommended for the Prince of Wales is Nottingham, England, will, when completed, be one of the show places of the Old Country. Electricity is being applied for every conceivable purpose, and scores of lights are being placed in the cowhouses, barns, granaries, and farm buildings.

A unique feature is the system whereby animals can draw their own drinking water. An animal wanting a drink will only have to press its nose on a button on a trough containing a small quantity of water, and instantly the pressure will cause the trough to be filled with fresh water. In this way the supply—which stops as soon as the animal lifts its head—will be always fresh, cool, and clean.

World's Smallest House.

Light housekeeping on a small scale goes on in a tiny doll's house constructed in a matchbox. The designer of the minute apartments, Charles Aldridge, of Battersea, London, England, spent thirty-five years building it, and making a doll small enough to occupy the cosy nest. A masterpiece of tiny craft, it is completely furnished, even to pictures on the walls and a covering on the table.

Collection of Sea Relics

In a quiet, unpretentious attic at the top of a tall building, reached by a stone's throw of Oxford Circus, London, says a Tit-Bits writer, lives Mr. A. G. H. MacPherson, the proud possessor of a remarkable collection of sea relics of days gone by. He is the only man in the world who has compiled a complete pictorial record of Britain's sea history.

"Fascinating stories are connected with almost every item in my collection," Mr. MacPherson told me. "Look at this old spotted print. To talk of a vessel grounding on an island formed of beef bones thrown overboard by members of the crew seems too 'tall' a yarn to be believed by the simplest sailorman. Yet this tale concerning the fate said to have befallen the Royal William was told by many an old salt in years gone by.

"At the time when Napoleon threatened to land in Great Britain, this vessel was a guardship at Spithead. Her crew are said to have been famous trenchermen, and to have discarded so many meat bones that their vessel was 'wrecked' on the pile."

An innate love of the sea and ships first prompted Mr. MacPherson to start his collection. To begin with it was merely a hobby, like old tea-cippers, but gradually his interests spread, and to-day he possesses approximately 12,000 items and includes at least 1,000 original editions that are the finest in the world.

Rare pictures of naval actions, besides quaintly-colored sketches and charts, may be seen in this little-known museum where visitors are welcomed. Some of the exhibits are worth many hundreds of pounds.

"Despite its shabby appearance, this little book is a positive goldmine." Mr. MacPherson displayed a small volume about nine inches square. "It cost me no less than £500. Published between 1477 and 1485, it deals with the Mediterranean, and is considered to be the earliest printed atlas."

Even more interesting is the "Mariner's Mirror," ancient atlas that have come originally from one man of the English ships at the rout of the Spanish Armada, for it was published in 1588. Quaint decorations of mermaids and sea serpents make this book resemble some fantastically illustrated fairy tale.

"To secure my 300 whaling prints was a matter of industry," Mr. MacPherson continued, "And, unhappily, much of the fascination which clings to them is now merely a memory of days gone by, for the modern fast steam-ship, literally 'engines' a whale into a balloon, has destroyed most of the danger and romance of old-time whaling. Sometimes quaint and quite oddments rewarded painstaking search, but probably the humorous qualities of these prints were entirely lost upon the whalers themselves."

One ancient whaling picture shows the huge fish deluging with fiendish delight the crew of a small boat sent to capture it.

Valued at about £450,000, this unique collection has suffered many vicissitudes. On one occasion it lay on the ocean bed for several days. When Mr. MacPherson retired from business in Calcutta he shipped his treasures home, but there was a fire in the vessel which carried him and the steamship company gave no hope of recovery. Fortunately the collection was salved unexpectedly. Packed in tin-lined cases, it was undamaged by the sea.

"I have no more money left for purchases," Mr. MacPherson confided. "Although the collection took me twenty years to complete and I am compelled to sell. If it is impossible for me to get it established as a national collection at Greenwich, it will have to go to America, where it would probably fetch £150,000 more than I am asking in this country."

Steel Wire Woven Into Cloth.

Marvels of science were seen at the Shipping, Engineering and Mechanical Exhibition, held at Olympia. They included steel wire so fine, and of texture so silken, that it can be woven into cloth as soft as muslin. Stainless steel of a new type used in the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. A copper tube .450 feet long thinner than a needle, and a naked flame which penetrates water 200 feet deep. Lifeboat cloth said to be unsinkable, reversible, self-emptying and incapable of being capsized was also on show.

Twenty-Six New Planes.

To meet the increased activity in aviation, the Royal Canadian Air Force will be equipped with twenty-six new planes, according to advance information from Ottawa. There will be three Fairchild monoplanes, twelve Avro land planes, two De Havilands and others, raising the aggregate at about $400,000.

New Cure for Insomnia.

Bubbles of oxygen injected under the skin are said to be successful in curing sufferers from nervous diseases. Tests on twelve patients have shown that their blood circulation and its condition improved, insomnia was checked, and the appetite increased.

War Pensions Decrease.

The list of Britain's war pensions was decreased last year by 4,500 widows who remarried, while 60,000 children this year reach the age of sixteen, when the allowances paid for them will cease.

More Horses for Russia.

Soviet agents are now buying a third lot of Western horses for shipment to Russia.

A Burmese Superstition.

According to Burmese superstition marriage between two persons born on the same day of the week is certain to bring misfortune. To prevent these unfortunate marriages, all children are called by a name which begins with a letter associated with the day of the week upon which they were born.

Britain's Boot Bill.

Boots and shoes worn in a year by the women of Great Britain are valued at a grand total of about £25,000,000.

"It was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless us, Every one!"

Dickens' Christmas Carol.

"C. D. S. L. Stitch Guessing Contest"

Days are slipping by—Have you registered your guess on the number of stitches used in knitting the Sweater on display in our Main street show windows? Don't delay. Your guess may be a winner.

Supplying the needs of the "Family" in Winter Woollens

Cold Weather Weights in Women's and Misses' Underwear

ZENITH BRAND UNDERWEAR UNSHRINKABLE

Vests come in long sleeves, V-neck and button front; short sleeves and low neck; no sleeves and low neck. Drawers in same quality may be had in ankle length or bloomer knee styles.

$1.75 Garment — *For medium sizes*

$2.25 Garment — *For outsizes*

PLAIN AND SWISS RIBB WOOL VESTS

PRICED $1.25 AND $2.00 GARMENT

Becoming styles in attractive tailored effects, and finished with short sleeves and low neck-line.

CUMFY CUT STYLES IN ALL WOOL VESTS

PRICED $1.25, $1.75, $2.25 GARMENT

Many women choose Cumfy Cut styles because of their well proportioned lines. These come without sleeves.

HARVEY COMBINATIONS, COTTON OR WOOL

The cotton is an excellent heavy-weight quality that will give plenty of service. The wool is exceedingly fine and pleasing to the skin. Practically every style is now obtainable in no sleeve, ankle or knee length, long sleeves, short sleeves.

$4.25, $4.50 Ea. — *In Wool*

$2 to $2.75 Ea. — *In Cotton*

PLAIN AND SWISS RIBB IN SILK AND WOOL VESTS

PRICED $1.00 AND $1.25 EACH

Swiss ribb and all wool Vests, finished with beading top.

PRICED 95 CENTS EACH

PENMAN'S ALL WOOL NATURAL VESTS, LONG SLEEVES, DRAWERS TO MATCH

$2.75 EACH

Heavy quality "Wooltex" Vests, long and short sleeves, ankle length Drawers.

PRICED $1.25 EACH

WOOLTEX BLOOMERS

$1.00, $1.25, $1.50 PAIR

In extra heavy quality, with strong elastic at waist and knee. In cream shade only and in three sizes.

WOOLTEX BLOOMERS

75 AND 95 CENTS PAIR

A splendid medium weight grade with silk stripe. In shades of Cream, Peach and Sand. These are particularly well and strongly constructed.

KNITTED COTTON VESTS

75, 85, 95 CENTS EACH

Featured are both silk stripe and plain cottons at these prices, V or round neck-lines and the choice of two sleeve lengths.

ZENITH COMBINATIONS IN WOOL

PRICED $4.50 AND $5.00 EACH

Unshrinkable in quality, styled with ankle length and in two sleeve lengths. Assorted sizes.

PLAIN AND SWISS RIBB COTTON VESTS

PRICED 59 AND 65 CENTS EACH

Cut in opera top style and woven with a silk stripe. Come finished in beaded and plain tailored effects. Assorted sizes.

Winter Weight Underwear for Men and Boys

Remove that disturbing element known as worry and the average man is fairly agreeable. Men buying our underwear will have no cause for worry. It is made by thoroughly dependable manufacturers. It is correctly proportioned—it fits. It also retains its satisfactory fit after many washings. The workmanship top is as faultless as modern efficiency can produce. In every instance the quality is thoroughly dependable. Our Men's Underwear Section is featuring appropriate weights for men of every calling. We invite your inspection.

PENMAN'S PREFERRED FOR BOYS

In weights and qualities that are pleasing to the body. May be had in shirts and drawers or in one piece combinations. Sizes either way, from 22 to 32. Priced according to size.

ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER

You will find odd lines of Men's two-piece and combination underwear. Reduced 25 per cent.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable All Wool Underwear

Gold Label — **Red Label** — **Blue Label**

Stanfield's is strictly a Canadian product and sets the pace in the Underwear field for quality and value. In the heavier grades we handle three distinct qualities. We have found this that once a man wears Stanfield's, he will consider no other. Every garment is guaranteed unshrinkable by the makers. We have been selling Stanfield's for thirty years. Our long standing connections with the maker puts us on the ground floor, hence our prices on this famous Underwear are as low as you'll find anywhere in Canada.

Penman's No. 95, the Old Reliable

Comes in the natural wool shade, that looks as good as new after every tubbing. May be chosen in individual garments or in combinations. In all sizes up to 46 at the same price.

No. 960 TIGER BRAND

AT $4.95 SUIT

A combination that is constructed from a pleasing silk and wool mixture. A splendid weight for men who work in-doors. We consider No. 960 particularly choice.

No. 225 TIGER BRAND

AT $2.95 SUIT

From a value standpoint you cannot surpass No. 225. It is a mixture of wool and cotton. Suits are splendid fitters and the quality is bound to give exceptional service.

No. 970 TIGER BRAND

AT $4.50 SUIT

There is just enough cotton in No. 970 combinations to make them wear like iron. Come woven in a fine, even ribb that fits the body like a glove. You'll enjoy wearing this grade.

No. 3200 STANFIELD'S

AT $3.00 SUIT

Here's another style of Men's combination underwear that simply cannot be excelled. It possesses appearance and is guaranteed to wear. Thrifty shoppers will find No. 3200 rare value.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited - Napanee's Largest Store

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column)

Mr. Reginald Wiseman has returned to Syracuse, N.Y.

Mrs. Pruyn and Mrs. A. L. Dafoe spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Webster and family spent Sunday in Gananoque.

Mrs. Ed. Vine has gone to Picton to spent the winter with her sister, Mrs. Skillen.

Mrs. Wootten, Aurora, spent last week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Shoemaker.

Mrs. D. C. McNaughton, Montreal, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. Burritt.

Mr. Gottle, Toronto, spent last week the guest of Mr. E. Phippen, Conway, while enjoying a few days duck hunting.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Anderson and Mrs. Windover returned on Friday from a five weeks' trip to Benton Harbour and Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Carson Graham, who has been with the Standard Paving Co., at Oshawa, returned to Napanee on Saturday.

Chief Barrett and son, Will, are on a hunting trip to the north country.

Rev. Arthur McGreer, Lennoxville, Que., attended the funeral of his grandmother, the late Mrs. Robt. Thompson.

Mrs. Wm. Dillenbeck and little son, Hubert, returned home on Sunday after spending the past eight months with relatives in the West.

Mr. W. J. Allen, Clergy street, Kingston, announces the engagement of his daughter, Kay Louise, to Clarence Whiting Harmer Scott, B.Sc., Windsor, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Scott, Napanee, Ont. The marriage to take place the latter part of December.

Mrs. H. Ross Allison, formerly Evelyn Parks, will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her home, Adolphustown, on Thursday, Nov. 24th, from 4 to 6 o'clock. Mrs. Leonard F. Parks and Mrs. C. F. Allison will receive with Mrs. Allison.

BIRTHS

Bristol—At Napanee, on Friday, Nov. 18th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Bristol (nee Lillian E. Fearnley) a daughter—Mary Elizabeth.

DEATHS

Fox—At Camden on Tuesday, Nov. 16th, 1927, Corah Selena Fox aged 51 years, 2 months, 28 days.

Miller — At Ernesttown on Thursday, Nov. 17th, 1927, Mary Emily Fraser, relict of the late James Miller, aged 83 years.

Thompson—At Napanee, on Thursday, Nov. 17th, 1927 Amelia A. Thompson, aged 86 years, 11 months, 28 days.

The Hamilton Tigers defeated Queen's University on Saturday, by a score of 21-6.

The person who left a pair of glasses in the Express Printing House may have same by calling at this office.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Public Library, on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, at three o'clock. Miss Lauder, V.O.N., will give a talk.

Napanee audiences learned last week that a courtroom is not like a movie picture auditorium. A judge sat on the bench who made folks sit up and take notice. Whispering was forbidden in the courtroom and one auditor had to fork over five dollars for forgetting the judge's warning given at the outset of the proceedings.

The Young People's League of Grace United Church is in full swing again after a long summer holiday, with Mr. Fred Russell, Jr., as President. The membership has been divided into three groups, with competent leaders, and the programmes each Monday evening are interesting and entertaining. If you are a young, come and help along the good work, if you are not young, come and encourage the young people, and you will find that our new Sunday school room is a good place to spend an hour or two.

"Woe unto you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obenient ye shall eat the good of the land, but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 1: 16-20.

He that is down, need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Miners Drink Salt Water.

Mine workers endure the heat in the shafts more easily when salt is added to their drinking water. Excessive perspiration causes a loss of salt from the body, and replacing this loss prevents much of the exhaustion that would otherwise result.

Pain of a Snake's Bite.

The pain due to the poisoned bite of a snake has been described as "like a white-hot iron slowly moving up and down inside my arm," by a keeper at the London Zoo.

The Tortoiseshell Cats.

Male tortoiseshell cats are rare, fewer than one male to 700 females occurring.

Barrels.

Ash and Oak Barrels, new and used, for packing pork, kraut, etc. For sale at

PERRY'S GROCERY,
Phone 130.

IRISH MUSIC

Beautiful Melodies Have Been Produced Under the Influence of the Soft Sweet Tone of the Harp.

All European nations have their own national songs and characteristics which distinguish them from each other, writes Henry Graves, Mus. Bac., L.R.A.M., in the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star. What is that causes these distinguishing qualities it would be hard to say, but it is there, and the student of musical style and melodic construction is able to direct and classify them as clearly as the languages of different countries.

Dr. Annie Patterson, who is an authority on Irish music, contributes an interesting article on the subject in "Musical News and Herald," from which it would seem there is a difference of opinion as to what is genuine Irish music as handed down from remote times. This has been caused by the collectors of tunes from singers, fiddlers, pipers, and whistlers, who each give their version of the melody, which varies in each district, and, of course, each performer asserts that his or her version is the correct one.

In this respect, Irish folk songs are the same as those of other countries where we frequently find what is obviously the same tune varying in both time and rhythm. "It would seem that in later years vocal tradition has been grafted upon the older and more reputable Bardic harp-cult. With the passing of the old Irish harp at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the rendering of nineteenth century, the rendering of Irish minstrelsy passed into the melody-making of the country people, and the harp airs passed from mouth to mouth all over the land, and in doing so the accuracy of the melodies depended on the skill and memory of each singer which varied with every district." These melodies, or airs, are supposed to have been founded on the mediaeval church modes, but Dr. Patterson thinks they are founded on a much freer foundation, on the foundation of these diatonic and chromatic scales which formed the ground work of such masters as Bach, Haydn, and Mozart. Galilei is of the opinion that the Irish harp tablature formed the basis for the scale of primitive clavichords, and harpsichords, which were the actual predecessors of the pianoforte.

Regarding the present day Irish song "the raucous throaty and nasal productions which are claimed as part of the country tradition, and actually copied as such by some singers, have nothing in common with the pure liquid tones of the Irish harp, which is described as being beautiful in its delicate nuances, and whisperings of tone production. Doubtless these vocal effects, unjustly laid to the charge of a melodious and ancient language, were unconsciously imitated from the pipes rather than the harp."

Thus we learn that the beautiful melodies of Ireland have been produced under the influence of the soft sweet tone of the harp, rather than the harsher notes of the pipe and horn, which may account for the subtle charm one frequently finds in the folk songs of Ireland.

NAMED AFTER CELEBRITIES.

Mountains and Towns Named After Great Men.

Many honors have come Mr. Baldwin's way during his career, but there is possibly none of which he is prouder than the compliment just paid him by the people of this country. We have named a 11,000 foot peak of theu Canadian Rockies, Mount Stanley Baldwin.

The names of Nungesser and Coli have each been given to a lake, the two being linked by river and stream as Nungesser and Coli were in life and death. These lakes are in northwestern Ontario.

Both Canada and the United States have been fairly generous in the past with compliments of this sort, and many of their own great men and those of the Mother Country are commemorated in the names of towns, natural features, and so on. Thus, Mr. Baldwin's famous cousin, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is the "godfather" of two stations on the Soo railway line in Michigan. One of them is called Rudyard and the other Kipling.

That Mr. Kipling appreciates the compliment is shown by the fact that he has sent a poem to the manager of the railway in which he refers to "my sons in Michigan, who deal in wheat and iron ore."

Sometimes enthusiasms of this kind have their dangers. This was shown recently when a number of Italians conceived the idea of naming the highest peak of Mont Blanc after their hero, Signor Mussolini. Unfortunately, however, it was discovered that the highest peak was in France—the mountain is just on the frontier.

If a census of "personal" placenames were taken, it would probably be found that a majority commemorate great explorers and surveyors.

Thus, we have the Stanley Falls, on the right bank of the Congo, named after the man who "found" Livingstone; Mount Everest, the world's highest peak, after a famous surveyor-general of India; and Cooktown, in Queensland, so called in honor of the discoverer of Australia.

It is the practice of the British Royal Geographical Society, however, to ask travellers who make new discoveries, before suggesting any personal or fancy names for them, to make sure that no local name exists, or that a suitable name might not be derived from some characteristic of the discovery itself or of its surroundings.

Exports of Autos.

Exports of passenger automobiles for the twelve months ended August showed a slight decrease as compared with the previous twelve months, exports being 51,597 cars valued at $26,150,980, as compared with 58,995 cars valued at $27,462,795. In the same twelve months a total of 20,799 motor trucks, valued at $7,091,718 were exported, as compared with 19,760 trucks valued at $6,756,585 in the preceding twelve months.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.
48-tf

MORE MILES AND SMILES

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Anyone ca nunderstand why a car driven and kept up by a professional chauffeur rides and looks well at all times, but when an owner driven machine appears as a close second, other motorists are anxious to know how it is done. And here's how:

We'll start with the problem of keeping the car clean because that is not usually an easy task for the average owner who can't afford to take time to drive his machine to the garage for a cleaning every few days. Ordinarily a soft feather duster is about the quickest way of keeping the car from looking as though it had been over a desert, but when the car has been out in the rain, more vigorous treatment—and more time—is required; that is, granting the owner uses no system in caring for his car. The man who realizes that a few minutes spent on the car now may save an hour's work later, always dusts off the body before taking the machine out in the rain. Thus, unless he takes it through mud, he will find that it dries off fairly clean the next morning. A light rubbing with a clean cloth will remove most of the rain streaks; and, while the car will need polishing, it will be clean. That, at least saves a trip to the washstand and assures the owner that his car looks fairly respectable.

Rusting of the car's nickel trimmings can be prevented—and a lot of polishing saved—simply by rubbing off the headlights, door handles, bumper and other trimmings after bringing the car in from the rain. It takes about three minutes' time and it is hardly noticed until the next day when you realize that by this mere precaution you have saved yourself the job of spending a half hour polishing the equipment.

In these days of high speed life when there are a hundred and one more things to do, but still the same twenty-four hours in which to do them, a number of big tasks can be handled by taking them in installments so that a little is accomplished at a time. It doesn't seem to be getting anywhere to merely polish one part of the car every time it is taken from the garage, but after a week has elapsed you behold your well-groomed car and realize that such a job if rolled into one would have required the time you spend playing golf on Saturday afternoons.

Radio!

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

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